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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

What is the outstanding feature of the New Year's Honours List?—every Honours List has one. We think that 999 people out of every 1000 who have scanned the list will answer "Beecham's Pills". The thousandth will probably refrain, from motives of extreme delicacy. Pills, then, are the thing this year, and they are worth a guinea a box. Arise, indeed, Sir Knight of the Pestle!

But the rest of the Honours List will not, as the "Daily News" has said of it with startling originality, set the Thames afire. There are three new peers—Mr. Asquith's chief contribution so far to that side of House of Lords reform, without which "death, damnation, and disaster" must overtake any Government that touches its constitution. One is Sir Thomas Carmichael, another Sir Alfred Thomas, the third Mr. Hope Morley. Sir Thomas Carmichael seems to have been ennobled largely because he is a blameless gentleman himself, and has had noble ancestors. That is as it should be, but we wonder where the democracy of it comes in; the aristocracy of it is clear enough and satisfactory. Mr. Hope Morley is a rich hosier and warehouseman in Nottingham, and a member of a great Liberal family. There the Liberalism comes in.

Third there is Sir Alfred Thomas. There again Liberalism comes in decidedly. There was a rumour before he left Parliament that Mr. D. A. Thomas was to have a peerage. But it was not to be. Alfred has been taken, and David Alfred left. Sir Alfred Thomas, like Sir Thomas Carmichael, is a blameless gentleman, and there is no need to carp at the choice of him as a peer. But why does Mr. Asquith or the Master of Elibank make peers at all if he disapproves of the hereditary principle? What is his principle or opinion in this very important matter? Has he one at all?

Decency requires that the leaders of the Liberal party should make some definite statement about this. The anger of the "Daily News" may be gentle guile; but none the less the cynical way in which the Liberals go on making peers, whilst professing to abhor the hereditary principle, is a scandal in public life.

Mr. Lloyd George has gone abroad to "refresh" himself with sun and golf in the South of France. He has gone and left the doctors, and servants, and poor city clerks to make what they can of the awful hash and welter of the Insurance Act. When Napoleon was retiring after Moscow, it is said that many of his people crowded round him and tried to draw his attention to the terrible confusion caused by his policy. Napoleon protested against his serenity being disturbed. Mr. Lloyd George is quite right to put himself beyond the reach of disturbers of serenity. We ought all, so far as in us lies, try to do that. Unhappily it is not given to everyone to go abroad in the midst of his muddles, and to take a Chief Whip, to say nothing of an Attorney-General, along with him. One must first rise to be a demagogue or demigod.

What the Irish Unionists should do in the event of Home Rule being carried is, Sir Edward Carson says rightly, "a matter for action and not for words". Action, and action alone, can save the position. The Ulster Unionist Council is ready with its plan. In a manifesto just issued the Council repeats its resolve to set up, in the event of a Home Rule Government being established, an Ulster Provisional Government. No doubt Ulster Unionists see clearly and have faced all that such action would mean. Deeds not words will be the order of the day then; and we shall see how this brave Government will face that situation. Home Rulers have not the courage even to contemplate it; they refuse to believe it possible. If they want to go on living in their "fools' paradise, they had better leave Home Rule alone or it will not be paradise they will live in—fools' or otherwise.

There have been two other interesting announcements on Home Rule this week. One was made by Mr. Healy, the other by a Mr. Patrick Crumley M.P.—a name that irresistibly recalls Mr. Vincent Crummies M.P. in Dickens. Mr. Crumley says that if the

House of Lords "dares" to keep the Home Rule Bill waiting for a year Mr. Asquith will take it to the King, who will pass it forthwith. No doubt the Government think they have the King in their pocket. But if this is the game, why need Mr. Asquith trouble to take his Bill to the King at all? Let us have a real coup de force whilst we are about it. Why not declare the Bill law from the moment it leaves the Commons?

But there was another saying in this Mr. Patrick Crumley's speech which we welcome. He declared outright that his leader Mr. Redmond "holds the Government in the hollow of his hand". Now this is what Unionists have insisted all through. In the light of a clear and candid statement like this from a member of Mr. Redmond's party in the House of Commons, what becomes of the indignant pretence of Mr. Asquith and his press and party that they are masters in their own house, are not threatened, and have no need to truckle to or conspire with the Nationalists? We hope the frank statement of Mr. Redmond's own man will be printed in large type on the next leaflet on Home Rule sent out from the Conservative offices. Radical candidates all over the country should be heckled with it on the platform.

Mr. Healy sees things, however, in an utterly different light. He says it is as likely that the Home Rule Bill is passed in this Parliament as that we are all—not individually, but in a body—taken straight up to Paradise in this Parliament. And then dropping deplorably low to mundane matters, he declares that the real question is the question of pelf. It's our money he wants. Exactly. Cynical people—or, according to some authorities, honest people—say that money is the real thing at the root of all politics. It is certainly very much at the Irish roots. Mr. Healy's fear is that he will not be able to get enough of our money. The Home Rule plot is a plot to rook the silly Saxon and Scot.

It seems that there was at least one just man in the company of those members of the Eighty Club who recently visited Ireland to collect evidence for Home Rule. A member writes this week to the "Times" witnessing to the good work of Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, so persistently defamed and thwarted by Mr. T. W. Russell and his friends. Here, at any rate, was a member of the Eighty Club who saw something he was not meant to see by those who planned the excursion. He saw that the work of Sir Horace Plunkett's Society was "one of the most hopeful movements in Europe to-day". Nothing impressed him more "than the magnificent work which is being done on non-political lines by the Society". The writer of this letter is a Liberal and a Home Ruler. Mr. T. W. Russell will note that the treatment by himself and his Government of Irish agriculture is not resented by Conservatives and Unionists alone.

The doctors' revolt against the Insurance Act has taken shape this week as a revolt against the Council of the British Medical Association. A committee is to be formed within the Association with a policy not of peaceful but of warlike penetration. They stand by the six cardinal points, which, they argue, are virtually set aside by the Act; and it will be their aim to inspire in the Council of the Association a firmer attitude than that body has hitherto maintained. The committee is an immediate result of the meeting of the doctors at Queen's Hall. It will be part of their campaign to refuse service under the Act as it stands—a pledge already subscribed by over 15,000 doctors. Meantime a revolt against the Act has started among the hospitals—a movement which threatens to spread widely over the country, and which will be as serious for the prospects of the Act as the revolt of the doctors.

The names of the Insurance Commissioners—the central Commissioners, one might say—have been officially announced. Mr. Masterman, as titular chairman, is in a delicate position. He has made speeches declaring the Bill the best possible scheme, challenging all criticism. How then if his Commissioners, within

the great latitude allowed them, want to do a vast amount of adjustment and modification? They will never work the Bill if they do not. However, Sir Robert Morant is of course the real chairman of the Commission and will do all the work. Mr. Masterman will be shrewd enough to leave things to his vice-chairman.

The story goes that Lord Carrington left the Board of Agriculture in haste at hearing that the committee now considering the matter may favour small-holders owning, instead of renting, the land. However this be, there is no longer any doubt that the small-holders whom the Government—supported we fear by some enthusiasts on the other side—have created are in a parlous way. The thing is proving a frost. Many of the poor people who rushed to the land, deceived by the trash about fortunes in cauliflowers and cucumbers, will be broken within the next few months. The political prospectus can be quite as cruel as any contrived by the sly company promoter in the City.

If all the Bishops had the courage of the Bishop of Bristol and understood that the business of a leader of the Church, as of any leader, is to lead, the Church of England need fear no attacks. The Bishop has refused net to join any Conciliation Board, which means nothing but a deal by which the Church should sell Establishment for more endowment: one of the most sordid proposals ever made. The Bishop says "Peace is a delightful state to be in. It is worse than of no use to cry Peace when there is no peace". Here we have an honest man, who is not afraid to tell the truth. By the way, is not this a nice time to demand Disestablishment in Wales when the official figures for 1911, just out, show a decrease in the membership of the Nonconformist communions in Wales of 2452?

Dr. Clifford tells us this week, in a letter to the "Times", that the difference between a political sermon and a party political sermon is "deep, real, and most important". Every preacher, like Paul before Felix, must "reason on righteousness, temperance and judgment to come". How can he do this without an occasional reference to Parliament or to Cabinet Ministers? And will not his hearers read into his reasoning references which are not really intended? But what of the preacher's New Year message to the world, delivered at the very moment we were reading the letter? Is it politics, or is it religion, to suggest that salvation is with the Radical party? Plain men will scarcely trouble to wait for an answer. The letter, they will say, is humbug; the message is party politics.

Mr. Asquith has not yet decided to act upon his own advice, and "to take off his coat" with the other anti-suffragists of the Cabinet. But Lord Loreburn and Mr. Harcourt are going to take off their coats at the Albert Hall next month with Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer. The coats once off, the combatants will not catch cold from standing still. The opposition campaign will go busily forward in the new year. We cannot see with Lord Robert Cecil that there is small chance of Mr. Lloyd George carrying his amendment, or of Mr. Asquith carrying his Bill. Those who have taken off their coats in this business must assume that unless they raise the country to active and continuous protest, the Bill will go through, and the women with the Bill.

Lord Robert sees a formidable barrier in the way of that amendment in Mr. Asquith's opposition on principle. Now, if it were the Conciliation Bill that was in question we would admit that the barrier might conceivably hold. Mr. Asquith was opposed to the Conciliation Bill not only on principle but as a party man who feared that the votes of educated women would not be at the service of the Radical party. When principle and interest come together, it is extraordinary how firm principle will be. Mr. Asquith will be opposed to Mr. George's amendment on principle, but his feelings as a party man will not be so keenly involved, for the amendment is Mr. George's democratic device. Principle plus interest is a very different sum from principle minus interest.

Sir George Askwith has been in Manchester several days during the week holding conferences with the representatives of the cotton-masters and the men. The general belief seems to be that these conferences will have good results; and that the lock-out will soon be over. There hardly appears any element for a bitter prolonged dispute. The employers are determined not to concede the demand for the exclusion of non-unionists; but the men are not greatly concerned about it, as their unions are thoroughly established and very wealthy. It is said the employers are ready to allow two and a half per cent., under certain conditions, on the five per cent. rise in wages demanded. Evidently the parties are not in unreasonable mood, and this is of good omen.

The future of the Thames Ironworks Company is still unsettled. The receiver is willing to build two cruisers at the company's original tender of £312,000 each; but the Admiralty having received four tenders well below this amount will not accept the offer. Then a northern firm is willing to take over the works and build the ships at their tender, but only on condition that the men work nine hours a day instead of eight. To this the men object. Public interest has been aroused in the matter, thanks to the demonstration of a week ago. The speakers included everybody who is anybody in the East End. Mr. Arnold Hills, the company's manager, is as wonderfully energetic as ever, and altogether it seems as though something will be done somehow, though it is already past the eleventh hour.

Members of the House of Commons who are anxious to supervise the proceedings of our Foreign Office might usefully direct their attention to the revelations which have been made by the "Morning Post's" correspondent at Washington regarding the intended preference to American ships using the Panama Canal. To abolish or lower the dues in the case of United States vessels would of course be a direct violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The proposal appears to be that its provisions shall be evaded by giving a bounty, equivalent to the Canal dues, to American shipowners using the Canal. This is a subject which demands close attention, and we shall have to meet the menace to our trade effectually. Now is the time for those eminent persons who belauded President Taft's arbitration proposals with fulsome adulation to give him some needed admonition.

By the way, the American peace diners assembled last Saturday under police protection; and, though the speeches were of peace, the talk was all of the war between President Taft and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt has attacked the arbitration treaties as "an unworthy and, however unconsciously, a hypocritical move against the interests of peace and against the honour and interests of the United States and civilisation". He has also attacked Mr. Taft's management of America's dispute with Russia. Here, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt seems to deserve the elegant epithet of a brother journalist. His criticism is of the "muddiest". It is neither generous to Mr. Taft, nor clear as to its argument. The Russian treaty was obsolete; it is therefore allowed to lapse so that a new treaty may be arranged. Why the Hague tribunal should be called in to negotiate the new treaty is difficult to see. Mr. Roosevelt should have attacked anything rather than Mr. Taft's conduct of this Russian business. It is one of the things Mr. Taft has done rather well.

The King was well received by the people of Calcutta: it was a loyal welcome. If resentment or dissatisfaction was felt, it was not allowed to appear. The loss of the capital has been offset by the reconstitution of the Provinces and the elevation of Central Bengal to the dignity of a Presidency with its own Governor and Council. Moreover, the Emperor was careful in his reply to flatter the wounded pride of the discrowned city. It must always remain, he said, "the premier city of India. Its population, its impor-

tance as a commercial centre and great emporium of trade, its splendid historical traditions, all combine to invest Calcutta with a unique character which should preserve to it a pre-eminent position". These are honeyed sentences for a hive that regards itself as robbed.

The Gaekwar did not reckon on the cinematograph—or did he? He will appear nightly to audiences all over the world, as he does this week in London, in the act of offering an affront to the Emperor and to his own peers at the great Durbar. If this does not aggravate his offence, it certainly adds to the difficulty of dealing with it, for his futile apology cannot be so widely published. Clearly the matter cannot rest where it is. In India the presentation of the picture may have unpleasant consequences.

In China Tang Shao-Yi "is thought to have been sacrificed", says the "Times" correspondent, "to the necessities of Yuan Shi-kai's situation". He is, it seems, the scapegoat. Yuan was forced to yield more to the Republicans than he intended, the burden of submission being thrown upon Tang Shao-Yi, who was afterwards severely criticised for yielding too much. He was charged with having too readily agreed to withdraw the Imperial troops from Hankau and Hangyang, and with acquiescing unnecessarily in the Republicans' proposal to hold the National Convention in Shanghai. In the face of these criticisms Tang Shao-Yi felt bound to offer his resignation, which was immediately accepted by Yuan. Yuan himself tendered his resignation on Tuesday, but consented to remain on receiving from the Empress Dowager the promise of 3,000,000 taels from the Palace fund for the public services.

The Persian problem does not get less complicated, though the fighting both in the North and the South has for the moment come to an end. The Russians have taken a grave step in executing the Sheikh-ul-Islam, with every circumstance of indignity, at Tabriz. This looks almost like a deliberate attempt to stir up fanaticism, which it will almost certainly do when it becomes widely known. It is much more probably punishment for preaching a massacre of Russians, but Russian agents in Persia are going far to render the agreement unpopular in this country. At all costs Sir Edward Grey must prevent the appointment of the Belgian M. Mounard to succeed Mr. Shuster, which would prove the death-blow to all our influence in Teheran, as he is violently anti-English in every way.

The opposition to Said Pacha seems to have collapsed, and he remains Grand Vizier with a "reconstituted" Cabinet. The Committee of Union and Progress still holds the trumps and has played the king and taken the trick, the Sultan being strongly on its side. With the example of his predecessor before his eye, where else could he find himself? The Government and the Committee still seem to have the control of the army, which is everything. There were wild rumours on Thursday of a revolution in Constantinople, but they appear to be nothing but rumour, as was the story that England proposed to intervene in Macedonia. The Committee will now "make" the elections and appears to be in for a fresh lease of power.

The revelations before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the French Senate continue and must be somewhat disconcerting for patriotic Republicans. It is quite evident from M. Cambon's telegram that certain Ministers were giving instructions to the French Ambassador behind the backs of their colleagues. We shall no doubt learn the whole truth, as the Committee have expressed their intention of getting at it, and it is composed of able men, most of whom have held high office. Someone instructed M. Jules Cambon to suggest the Congo as a suitable locality for getting compensation, and it is widely believed in Paris that highly placed officials have made considerable pickings during the negotiations.

Since the decision as to the collision between the "Hawke" and the "Olympic" an extensive corre-

spondence has gone on in the "Times". There is a varied difference of opinion amongst nautical people as to whether such a thing as suction or indraught is exercised by one vessel on another. The dispute is quite hot; and it takes a wider range than whether there was actually suction in the "Hawke" and "Olympic" case. Some experts deny suction in toto; others are witheringly sarcastic on their denial. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu in Wednesday's "Times" holds that his friend Professor Biles has exaggerated the suction power of the "Olympic"; though he thinks there may have been suction acting in aid of another cause to which he ascribes the "Hawke's" sheering off from shallower into deeper water, and not answering her helm. But it would require a long technical article to estimate all the suggestions.

Till we know the findings of the various courts of inquiry which are now engaged on the Longmoor riot, any definite opinion on the subject is premature. It has been stated that the riot occurred on account of New Year's leave being refused to various details of Scotch regiments. But the responsible authorities at Longmoor deny this, and maintain that the whole business arose in consequence of some ill-feeling between certain Scotch and English regiments. The affair is, of course, regrettable, but it has been absurdly exaggerated, magnified into a baby mutiny—which is exactly what it was not. Fortunately no complete units were concerned, the garrison at Longmoor being made up of small detachments of different regiments undergoing a course of training in mounted infantry duties.

Mr. Samuel was able to send a cheerful New Year message to the 18,000 men and women who changed masters on Monday morning. The Government are taking on the whole of the National Telephone staff, and will keep everyone as far as possible in the old rank and not below the old wages. Many, says Mr. Samuel, will be better-off than they were; and all will receive the usual privileges of Government employment—sick leave, liberal holidays, and the pension. These will offset considerably the short period of inconvenience and unsettlement through which some of them will pass. Whoever gains or loses in the long run, the telephone employees will almost certainly be better-off. Their wages are now independent of any rise or fall in profits. The Post Office, of course, does not aim at profit. It only aims at paying working expenses, interest on capital, and allowance for sinking fund.

This will be another interesting experiment in the conduct of business by the State. The Post Office has taken over a private service which has successfully paid its way. Everyone is familiar with the degree of efficiency of the private service. He knows what he has to pay; and can, if he chooses, know what the employees are getting, and the conditions of their employment. Will the Post Office be able to pay more to their servants and charge less to their customers than the private company simply by wiping out the profits? Obviously, if the Post Office is as efficiently managed as the private service, someone will benefit—the taxpayer, the civil servant, or the public that uses the telephone.

This is to be a great fighting year, and no Unionist newspaper will be worth its penny or its halfpenny that is not in the fighting line. Hence we welcome the force and fervour which Mr. Garvin is putting into the conduct of the "Pall Mall Gazette". We hope he will not use too much of the powder and shot, however, till we get within short range of the enemy. When the enemy show themselves out of their burrows will be the moment for most effective attack. At present they are lurking very low there after their reverses at Ayr and Somerset.

"What fortunes these writers make!" a plump, prosperous Jew remarked to a friend sitting in the lounge of a Bournemouth hotel lately. He went on to read aloud that Marion Crawford's English estate amounted to £37. John Strange Winter's will has been sworn this week at something over £500. The Jew was entitled to his gibe.

ELECTION OR NO ELECTION?

THIS is the question for 1912. Many other much greater questions there will be, of course; every moment is big with bigger questions than any election; for very few does an election count as among the first-rate interests. But the biggest things lie too deep for talk; the chance of an election will be the uppermost topic in the public mind this year. And more hangs on the answer than usually. An election or no election means a very great deal more than a change of ins and outs; it means more than a change of policy. It may decide whether or not the union of the United Kingdom shall be broken up and the tie between Church and State cut. If this Government can hold on for the term of its natural life, Home Rule and Disestablishment in Wales must be carried. With that very object, of course, was the Parliament Bill passed. Popular dislike of either will not avail to prevent either being done. On the other hand, if the Government go to the country and lose, neither of these things will be done, it is certain, for very many years, and, it is probable, not at all. For both Home Rule and Disestablishment are waning agitations. On merits, unsupported by other interests, neither could get a majority of votes in the country or anything like it. These are agitations past their prime. Disestablishment's best days were in the mid-Victorian reign of the Liberal saints. Then there was enthusiasm, something like honest belief in it as a great and righteous cause. Home Rule has dwindled since the collapse of Parnell. Home Rule and Disestablishment are now mere politics; moves in a game played by experts; items in a system of sets-off and balances. There is no attempt to carry either on a flood of popular support. Each is made a purely House of Commons thing. Hence the supreme importance to the Government of staying in until they have done these two jobs.

Put the question from the Government's point of view. If they can hold on, at any rate they cannot lose all. They will do two, if not more, really big things; they will have some set-off to show against their educational fiasco; they can face the Liberal public with a respectable record; they will go down as a Ministry that did things. They may be beaten in the election following on the present Parliament's natural death. They will have been in power from eight to nine years, and no Government can expect to keep its hold on the country longer than that. Altogether they would be able to take their necessary turn of opposition with very good countenance and as good prospects as any party can expect. Their position would be reputable all round. If by any chance they won the election, tant mieux of course. On the other hand, if they do not hold on, but dissolve before the natural time, they risk absolutely everything on a desperate throw. It will be gambling in the extremest. Only a decisive victory at the polls can save them from utter ruin. No doubt, if that were to happen, the situation would be saved, and saved in the best way for future prospects; for it would make the passage of their biggest "planks" easy. The chances of such a success at the polls have to be weighed against the chances of failure with its certain results. If the Government go to the country when they need not, and fail, they lose all. They will be out of power, they will have passed neither of the Bills for which the Parliament Act, with all its agonies, was to pave the way; they will be thought to have done nothing and lost everything; the Irish Nationalists will see their one chance thrown away; the Nonconformists, those patient creatures, having waited and worked, having hewn wood and drawn water for Liberal Governments for fifty years, having settled the latest one comfortably in power, having disabled the House of Lords, the way being at last made absolutely smooth for Disestablishment in Wales and the destruction of Church schools—for universal undenominationalism—find themselves once more tricked; the opportunity of half a century thrown away; and no nearer their goal than they were under Mr. Balfour in 1902. The Liberal leaders would go down in a howl of execration. This would be the nemesis of failure at a general election this year or next.

What chances of success are there to justify risking so much? Almost none. The present unpopularity of the Insurance Act is by itself quite enough to ensure a Liberal defeat. Radicals themselves think so.

Then as to the future; if the Government dissolved early, it would be depriving itself of its one chance of winning at the end of this Parliament; for an immediate election would be on the present franchise. The Lords will no doubt hang up the Bill for manhood suffrage. With some millions of new voters, mainly ignorant of what has been going on during the present Parliament, and naturally inclined to vote for those who gave them the vote, the Government might scrape back into office. If they go to the country before the Franchise Bill is passed, they give up this chance, their one and, we believe, their only hope.

The Government, as it seems to us, have every inducement to hold on; and whether there will or will not be an election this year (or next) becomes just a matter of staying power. The country is going from them; by-elections will continue to go against them; the Opposition, growing in numbers and encouraged by these signs without, will press on always more insistently in the House; hostility outside will grow in volume and violence until the whole country seem ready to break furiously upon the Government. What will be the effect of this? We put aside scruples as to Ministers remaining in office when the country has turned against them. That sort of argument appeals to Oppositions, but not to Governments. It is an amusing sarcasm on Mr. Asquith's argument that a Referendum is unnecessary because the House of Commons may be trusted fairly to represent the people. His own words in 1902 upset his argument a priori, and his own position to-day upsets it a posteriori. However, the false assumption that the House of Commons represents the nation constitutionally justifies a Ministry hanging on so long as it has a majority in the House. Unionists said this when Mr. Balfour held on from 1904 to nearly 1906, and we say it of the present Government now. Moreover, if this constitutional figment were not in their favour, it very certainly would not deter the Government from holding on, if they wanted to. What might deter them is fear; not so much fear of the effect on the general election, when it comes, of their clinging to office; for an early election they would certainly lose, and a new Franchise Bill could help them in a late one. The new voters would not be indignant at their hanging on. But to hold on doggedly with everything going against you outside requires great powers of endurance and immense courage. The strain on a Ministry in such depressing conditions is almost intolerable. Argument is all in favour of holding on; things may be desperately uncomfortable in the House and even in the Cabinet; it may be "dirty weather" even behind the breakwater. But how much dirtier outside? One hears the Unionist smash in 1906 cited as an object-lesson in the danger of hanging on. But the weakness of Mr. Balfour's position was that he had not used the time to get things done; he did not pass an Old Age Pension scheme, nor a Redistribution Bill. This Government's case, if they hold on, will be the opposite. Argument is in favour of holding on; but human nature is in favour of giving up.

There are, no doubt, great possibilities of difficulty arising over Home Rule, in the adjustment of Irish demands to Liberal patience, which cannot be got over, and then the Government might have to dissolve. Personal differences in the Cabinet also have large possibilities. The Government may fall of its own weakness. These things cannot be gauged yet. One can only speculate on known conditions. The Government, we should say, may be trusted to perceive that their interest is to go on to the end of their natural term; but it is very doubtful whether they will be able to stand the wear and tear of it. There is a fine opening for the Opposition. Unionists' business all over the country will be to make things so uncomfortable for this Government that it shall commit suicide in order to cut its troubles, risking the terrors of the unknown to escape from the terrors it has known.

THE NAVY AND LONDON RIVER.

BY choosing their own ground of argument the Admiralty have made a creditable show of their dealings with the Thames Ironworks Company. "Here", said my Lords, "are these two cruisers; the orders ought to be placed at once, but we are kind people and we will see what we can do for you. There are our friends in the North of England; perhaps they will oblige. You want to do the job yourselves, do you? Very well; let us see your tender. £312,000 apiece. Oh no, that will never do. Why the public would lose £80,000 on the two vessels! It would not be prudent for us to give you the order; as everybody knows, the Government sets great store on prudent finance. Besides, what would the Public Accounts Committee say?" Thus the Admiralty, exhibiting a happy and impressive blend of business acumen with human feeling.

As we have said, this makes a creditable show, but it is no more than a show. The question of the future of the Thames shipbuilding industry is not to be determined by considerations of business tempered by pity. Besides, is it really business? Mr. Arnold Hills has something to say about that. Mr. Hills is a remarkable man who thinks for himself—a rare and even disagreeable habit in these democratic days—and Mr. Hills is very suspicious of the lowest tender. The work could not really be done at the price, he says. But the profit out of armour and guns is so great that a little money can be dropped on the actual building, provided that building is done at a place suited to the armour- and gun-makers' convenience. The Thames does not suit them; and to the Thames they quote their maximum prices. Mr. Hills pleads for a Commission which shall investigate things before the armour- and gun-makers have succeeded in their plan of transferring the whole industry to the North. The Admiralty have ignored his plea. Is that good business?

Then there are strategical considerations. Once the Thames Ironworks are shut down, there will be no shipwrights left on the Thames. The best men will migrate North and will doubtless get jobs. They will not suffer, economically speaking; for orthodox economics takes no heed of the sufferings caused by the break-up of a home and the breach with familiar surroundings. But the country may. We should like fuller information on the Admiralty's views of the value of the Thames as a repairing-base in time of war. No doubt men could be brought down from the North in a few hours. But where are they to work? And what are they to work with? It is an easy matter to transfer labour, but you cannot improvise machinery, nor can special trains bring down a repairing-dock from the North in a few hours. The expenditure of £80,000 a year would be a trifling price for the Admiralty to give for a Thames repairing-base if their defence plans show the maintenance of such a base to be desirable. It is possible, too, that the War Office might have an opinion on the matter. A colony of shipwrights close to the Arsenal might be very serviceable in time of war.

Grant, however, that both the Admiralty and the War Office would view the shutting down of the Thames works without misgiving, still the issue is not decided. Certain social considerations next force themselves upon our notice. We are all agreed that there must be some reform of labour conditions, and during the past summer labour itself gave unmistakable signs of impatience. We must begin with certain badly congested areas, where casual labour accumulates and begins to decay. Among these areas London docks have an evil reputation. Happily a good deal has been done of late years to decasualise dock labour and real progress is now visible. But the main difficulty attendant on all work of this character is that when a man has once lost his standard he is reluctant to make any effort to recover it. The existence of a colony of prosperous and skilled artisans in the dock area supplied just the stimulus that was required. The dock hand who had ceased to be a casual, who was regularly earning something over 30s. a week, who had a right to an annual holiday and to a

pension after fifteen years' service, felt justified in trying to place himself in the same class as the shipwright. Shut down the Ironworks, however, and the shipwrights will go. The reformed casual will lack his spur; he will feel that after all he is of the same class with the semi-casuals and the real casuals about him; and the standard of life about the docks will drop.

But it is not only in London that the social effects of the closing down of the works will be felt. Various theories have been advanced as to the causes of the gradual migration of the shipbuilding industry from the Thames to the Tyne and the Clyde. It is said, for example, that the industry must be near to the sources of its raw material, a view inconsistent with the progress of Belfast. It is said, again, that everything costs more in the capital—which is really to answer one question by another. However, the point is not what is said but what the working-man will believe. One thing about the recent negotiations will certainly impress the working-class mind. It is that the offer from the Northern firm was conditional on the replacement of an eight-hour day by a nine-hour day. This is just the sort of fact which that most unwisely despised person, the street-corner Socialist, knows how to turn to excellent account. He will insist that under the present economic conditions the working-man must work for more than eight hours a day or starve; and the average working-class audience will feel that there seems to be something in what he says. In the present unsettled condition of opinion, arguments of this kind are likely to cost the country far more than the £80,000 which the Admiralty is anxious to save.

There is one other thing which labour will think about this matter. Indeed, it has already thought it. A week ago the men of Canning Town marched to Trafalgar Square to set their case before the public through the mouths of a remarkable variety of speakers. One argument was contributed by the men themselves. It took the form of a banner which was carried by boys, and bore the inscription, "If you don't let our fathers build a 'Dreadnought', we shall not join the Navy". This may be poor, but it is natural. To maintain our Imperial position we tell the working classes that the Empire is worth having. It was made by aristocrats; the middle classes have made much out of it; where now does the workman come in? He comes in very much indeed, but he has not been made to see it as clearly as might be. As a Crewe railway-man once put it to us, "India doesn't do the working-man anything like as much good as the Post Office". Saturday's banner was another aspect of this same view; and it will be a bad day for the Empire if several thousands of Londoners are seized with the idea that the Navy is no good to the London working-man.

We are convinced that public opinion is on the side of those who wish these works to be kept going, and that £80,000 a year would not be too great a price for it. If Parliament were sitting the greatest pressure would be brought to bear upon the Government to save the situation. Cannot the Admiralty even now place at least some small order which would keep the works going and the staff together for the next few weeks, and thus give the House a chance of expressing its views?

HOME RULE AND THE FIANNA.

HAS the romantic conception of Irish nationality which John Mitchell taught to the men of '48 and John O'Leary to the Fenians of the 'sixties still any hold in Ireland? The question is not inapt now, with Mr. John Redmond preaching of a Union of Hearts to his English audiences and Madame Marcievicz playing at rebellion in Dublin with her boy scouts, the "Fianna"—

"Hark to the tramp of the young guard of Eire!
Firm is each footstep, erect is each head!
Soldiers of freedom unfearing and eager
To follow the teachings of her hero dead."

The nationalism of the Irish parliamentary movement has little in common with the nationalisation of a John Mitchell or an O'Leary. We have read how O'Leary joined the Fenian movement with no hope of success, but because he believed such a movement good for the moral character of the people; and how he took his long imprisonment without complaining. This is not the mood in which present-day patriots enter the service of Messrs. John Redmond and Dillon to fight on the "floor of the House"; and it is only fair that Unionists should draw a distinction between the politico-agrarian agitation and more independent manifestations of national or even purely anti-English feeling. The Young Irelanders and the Fenians proper were moved by a genuine hatred of England which was not altogether political, and did not hesitate to proclaim their irreconcilability. As for the Parliamentarians, we do not say that they are irreconcilable to the British connexion—we do not know which of Mr. Redmond's "Two Voices" to believe—but undoubtedly they have, whilst professing to aim at a constitutional object, used the illegitimate weapons furnished them by the extremists. It was on this ground that they were indicted in the first instance not only by the Irish Unionists, but also by the original Home Rulers (Isaac Butt's party) and by the original Fenians. Parnellism, as Parnell's biographer has admitted, found its driving force in "neo-Fenianism", the uglier elements of the physical force party, the Invincibles and the rest whom the Brotherhood had disowned. How to foster "neo-Fenianism" as a reserve and subordinate force, and at the same time to check any revival of a "republican" movement which must be destructive to themselves—this has been the problem of all Parnell's successors. It is the contention of Irish Unionists to-day that Ireland is now loyal; that is, she wishes to preserve in her own interests the connexion with Great Britain, and that even the Home Rule demand is largely artificial. They hold too that, in view of continued if unsuccessful attempts to manufacture disloyalty, the grant of Home Rule will be regarded in Ireland as a capitulation on the part of Great Britain, and must therefore be disastrous to Imperial prestige. To say that Ireland is loyal to the British Empire, but that a self-governed Ireland must menace that Empire continually, is not really to state too extreme a paradox.

Irish Unionists do not regard the "National Boy Scouts" as an Imperial danger; nor do we. But they are entitled to ask Mr. John Redmond, as titular leader of the Irish race, some awkward questions concerning this young body. Shall the boys, in the event of the re-establishment of a Parliament upon College Green, go down to history as "Redmond's Volunteers"? Or will they be disarmed, and will their honorary Colonel be given by Mr. Redmond a taste of the martyrdom for which she has sought vainly at the hands of the Castle? We gather, however, from a study of Madame Marcievicz's organ, "Irish Freedom", that her boys will not be content to follow the precedent of 1782. They have a larger task in view than the mere liberating of Mr. Redmond's subordinate Legislature from the shackles that are to be imposed upon it in Mr. Birrell's Bill. "Sinn Fein" defined the unalterable national demand in the words, "The King, Lords and Commons of Ireland"; but the "Sinn Feiners" were after all mere pragmatists, and their policy was, like M. Bergson's philosophy, just a method. The "Fianna" take their stand on principle. They are republicans, and have promised Madame Marcievicz to work for the complete independence of Ireland. "Irish Freedom" reprints from the suppressed "United Irishman" of '48 some articles by its editor, John Mitchell—a writer of individual force and style. This is the "mighty, passionate struggle of a nation hastening to be born into new national life, in the which unspeakable throes all the parts and powers and elements of our Irish existence, amidst confusions enough and saddest jostlings and jumbling, are all inevitably tending, however unconsciously, to one and the same illustrious goal—not a local Legislature—not a golden link or a patch-

work Parliament or a College Green Chapel of Ease to S. Stephen's—but an Irish Republic, one and indivisible"! John Mitchell meant business, but so do the Fianna. Their chief triumph so far occurred during the Royal visit to Ireland this summer, when they successfully dared the Lord Mayor of Dublin to meet the King, and got their cakes and ginger-ale like the little loyal children, but at Madame Marcievicz's expense. Madame Marcievicz, the successor of Madame Maude Gonne, is an Irishwoman, notwithstanding her name, and of distinguished family. It appears that she equipped the Fianna as a rival body to General Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts. Something had to be done to turn the persistent military instincts of the Kelt into an Irish channel. Certainly we cannot regard this movement as the "manifestation of a mighty passionate struggle of a nation struggling to be born". But it is evident that with Home Rule such societies as the Fianna would be able to make a considerable nuisance of themselves in the exercise of their activities.

NEW YEAR COCKADOODLING.

DR. CLIFFORD *ainsi le veut*. The aspirations of democracy—that fissiparous system under which every adult, however vicious or foolish, counts as one, that bare and level plain, as a Liberal statesman called it, where every ant's nest is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree—have been sealed with the approval and benediction of "the greatest living Free Churchman" in the kind of New Year speech-from-the-throne with which he is wont to review, *urbi et orbi*, the achievements of the twelvemonth past. "The soul of the world", he tells us, "aspires and yearns for the highest and the best." Dr. Clifford is the soul of British Nonconformity, Nonconformity is the soul of the Liberal party, the Liberal party is the soul of England—the other Englishmen have no soul—and Liberal England is, or would be but for Sir Edward Grey, the soul of the world. All these souls are panting for "righteousness". They long to hand over the government of India to the ryot and baboo. They burn to place Mr. Balfour and the scullerymaid on an exact voting level—"the only true basis of suffrage", Dr. Clifford maintains, "is citizenship that is absolutely neutral towards sex". They have an intense and holy passion for Home Rule, for the secularising of religious property, but above all for the triumph of Mr. Asquith's party at the next General Election. Dr. Clifford declared the other day that he never preached, or would preach, a party political sermon. He has kept his word. He delivers political harangues in the pulpit instead.

Government throughout the world, Dr. Clifford proclaims, has entered upon a new and glorious birth. China is shortly to become a republic. Portugal is faithful to the democratic ideal. Dr. Clifford has, of course, visited the official regicide museum in Lisbon or studied the obscene and atheist literature which the Portuguese Liberal press pours forth. But the greatest triumph is at home. It is true that the monarchy is not quite abolished yet in England—it is only reduced to a humiliated cypher. But there is another real King of England—the "Daily News" suppresses this observation—one of "matchless skill, brilliant statesmanship, prodigious labour, unflinching tact, winsome courtesy, fearless courage, unrelaxed tenacity of purpose and true Christian principles", a monarch who rules by the grace of the People—never mind about the feelings of the other people—"Lloyd George the First". What can the Dean of S. Paul's mean by saying that we must very seriously discount some of the hopes that have been built upon the assumed Law of Progress, or that we stand at the centre of an impenetrable gloom?—but it was that effervescent optimist, Dr. Scott Holland, not the gloomy Dean, who spoke thus. Have not the Lords been crushed, is not the Insurance Act a "glorious advance in civilisation, and are not the People's party in power? Dr. Clifford ended, the "Daily News"

records, "on a high and inspiring note". Cock-a-doodle-doo! What to thoughtful men is the eclipse of things lovely and of good report by the shadow of triumphant philistinism is to the sciolist prophet of Westbourne Park Chapel a rising sun to be worshipped with shrill crowing and flapping of wings.

But there are certain flies in Dr. Clifford's ointment. The Liberal party has not even yet established and endowed Protestant undenominationalism throughout the whole land under State patronage and control, or relieved all "civil servants" engaged in teaching from the requirement of religious qualifications. "Let the Government take heed! Justice will sooner or later avenge itself on those who neglect it." The Government have confined themselves to administrative persecution of the Church schools, as in the Swansea case, but have not grasped the nettle of legislation. Even more, however, does Dr. Clifford "shudder" when he thinks of the willingness of the Cabinet to be the cat's-paw of France in Morocco and of Russia in Persia. He is "hot with scorn" at its attitude. Doubtless the Cabinet contains some aristocratic elements which the people, in its passion for righteousness, will eventually get rid of, and yet—does the memory rankle somewhere in Dr. Clifford's soul?—it was none other than King Lloyd George the first who last summer very nearly precipitated the World-War. "Lord", prayed a preacher lately at Whitefield's Tabernacle, "take out of my heart everything that is not democratic." Can it be that Britain's uncrowned sovereign retains in his heart some infection of patriotism, and that the glorious past of these islands is not to him mere dirty linen?

Parker of the City Temple used to be the mouth-piece of smug dissenting optimism and cheap panegyric of democracy, but Dr. Clifford outshines him in the same line. Those who admire that kind of thing are fond of evening it with the rôle of the Hebrew prophets, who are popularly imagined advanced radicals and progressists. In fact they were old-fashioned Conservatives who denounced the selfish plutocratic luxury and cosmopolitan effacement of landmarks brought in by the new era, and looked back wistfully to days of patriarchal simplicity, duty and godliness. The hateful features of modern economic life which Dr. Clifford calls on Liberalism to extirpate are themselves the offspring of the industrial and Liberal movement of a century ago, which supplanted the "feudal" basis of society by cut-throat competition and a nexus between man and man of cash-payment. Exeunt the noble and the squire, enter the cosmopolitan financier and the close-fisted employer. Dr. Clifford flouts the Enclosure Acts, which "broke up the social structure of England". But those Acts were at the time regarded as the triumph of enlightened and progressive policy. Liberalism has made its bed and must lie on it. "Democracy", said Montesquieu, "is like the grave; it takes away but never restores." Dr. Clifford hears the voice of heaven speaking through the voice of the people. Well, the Inquisition and Jew-baiting were highly popular; so was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and so was the coercion of the Colonies under George III. Dr. Clifford's glib and unctuous satisfaction with the present trend of democracy may change its note hereafter. And it is odd that a minister of religion finds nothing to suggest disquietude in all this passion for humanitarian "righteousness", which is obviously to a large extent becoming a substitute for and rival to Christianity, making man the measure of all things, and the satisfaction of material needs the goal and fulness of living. For the moment dissenting Puritanism and rationalistic Liberalism run amicably in the same shafts. But the Puritan is already running down the steep place. If Dr. Clifford really thinks that England waits every New Year to read his allocution, he should at least try to see things gravely and thoughtfully. But then he might not see eye to eye with King Demos. We wonder how this cheap drive we get year by year from Nonconformist political priests strikes Canon Henson, their champion. Birds of a feather may flock together, but not, we should have thought, birds of a totally different feather.

THE CITY.

THE Stock Markets have started the year cheerfully. The volume of public business has not shown any very appreciable increase, but there has been a promising inquiry in several departments which may develop into a real demand for shares. The release of dividend and interest money in the first few days of the month provided support for investment stocks, and Consols derived benefit from the prospect of further purchases on behalf of the Sinking Fund. Home Railway prior charges and preference stocks have been bought to some extent, but the ordinary and deferred stocks have failed to make much headway, although it is still generally believed that the labour disputes will be settled by compromise in due course. The announcement of the revision of excursion, tourist and week-end fares has had very little effect on quotations. On the other hand the Underground stocks which are mentioned in connection with the proposed amalgamation with the London General Omnibus Company have been in good demand. This applies particularly to Underground Electric income bonds and shares, Districts and Metropolitan; but there has also been an inquiry for Central Londons and East Londons. Some official announcement concerning the proposed London traffic combine has been expected daily, but so far the only movement in the direction of amalgamation is the calling of a meeting of the Underground Electric Company for the purpose of altering the articles of association so as to permit the company to carry on business as omnibus and cab owners. Although an early statement from Speyer and Co. regarding the amalgamation has been expected, some authorities in close touch with omnibus matters declare that the scheme is presenting several difficulties which may take some time to overcome. Whatever may be the precise state of affairs, the market appears to be in the dark, but it is considered quite certain that a fusion of the L.G.O. and Underground interests will eventually be carried through.

The popularity of shipping shares has extended to the preferred stock of the International Mercantile Marine (the Morgan Shipping Trust), which has been bought from Liverpool and Amsterdam in the belief that even that waterlogged concern must benefit from the trade conditions which have brought increased profits to other shipping enterprises. Among other favoured stocks in the Miscellaneous department, Marconi issues have received further attention, the preference shares being in demand because they rank *pari passu* with the ordinary shares for dividends after the latter have received 10 per cent. in any year. The strength of Marconis is, however, partly due to repurchases by "shorts", who find the market rather bare of floating supply.

In the Foreign Railway section Argentine stocks have been depressed by threats of a general railway strike. The men have seized the opportunity presented by the prospect of bumper harvests to put forward demands for higher wages and shorter hours, but the companies have determined to take a firm stand and a settlement is hoped for. Meanwhile very little stock has come on the market. Argentine North-Easterns have been especially weak, owing to profit-taking after the recent rise, inspired partly by the issue of £300,000 first preference stock of the Entre Rios Railway, with which the Argentine North-Eastern is closely associated. Leopoldina stock continued its rapid advance in expectation that the arrangements for the elimination of unfair competition by the Central (State) Railway will be officially sanctioned. Guayaquil and Quito bonds have suffered a relapse on account of the disturbances in Ecuador following the death of the President. Mexican railway securities have maintained their firmness, which is based on the more settled condition of the country.

American railway stocks can boast no special feature. So far there has been no sign of reinvestment of dividend and interest money, which aggregates over \$230,000,000, but some demand in this connexion should develop in the course of the next few weeks. Canadian Pacifics continue firm, but Grand Trunks have been sold on account of the increased wages bill which

has to be met by the company from the commencement of the year.

One very satisfactory feature of the markets has been the renewal of demand for Rubber shares, founded on the strength of the quotation for the material. It is understood that forward contracts have been made at prices considerably higher than those now current, and the outlook is considered very favourable. The rise has been confined mainly to the better-class shares, as the public is now showing greater discrimination than formerly in its purchases. There has also been a little more business in Oil shares.

As regards the Mining section, Kaffirs remain extremely dull, which is not surprising, seeing that not a week passes without some untoward event. The reduction in the Langlaagte dividend has now been followed by the omission of the Randfontein Central distribution, which the shareholders had been led to expect by promises made ten months ago. Rhodesians have been more lively, but the publication of the full scheme for amalgamation of the Rhodesia Exploration and Gold Fields (Rhodesian) Companies has not altered the market's dissatisfaction with the proposals. As, however, the combine will be to the advantage of the Rhodesian mining industry, the more powerful arguments are strongly in favour of the arrangement.

The Bahia Blanca and North-Western Company Limited is making a further issue of £1,000,000 Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Second Debenture stock at £98 10s. per cent. It will rank *pari passu* with the existing £2,000,000. The company has 783 miles of railway at work and is constructing some seventy-four miles of branch lines. The issue is guaranteed by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway, whose statement of net receipts show a steady increase on every year since 1905-6. In 1910-11 the improvement on 1909-10 was £185,000, and the second six months of 1911 show a further advance of nearly £60,000. The present issue is intended to recoup the capital advances made by the guarantor company. Harvest and trade prospects in the Bahia Blanca and North-Western are reported to be excellent.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is one of the proud boasts of our time that we really understand children. They have emerged from the dark clouds of error and misconception which enfolded them in the Victorian era, and are now basking in the sunshine of our perfect comprehension. The fact that we ourselves have survived the ignorant treatment of our parents without being utterly warped and soured is felt to be due to certain invincible qualities in ourselves; our natures are beautiful in spite of, and not because of our mothers' care. Please God, we say, our own children shall run no such risks. And yet it is an odd fact that many of us discover the virtues of our parents at the same time as we realise the possibilities of our children. Our fathers and mothers, we feel, were exceptional people; nay, must have been, or else how—? That their natures should have survived the terrible ignorance of our grandparents is even a greater mystery than the other; but the times were different, we feel; it was easier for a child to grow up in "those days". Anyhow, the cult of the Parent is contemporary with the cult of the Child, and is of less significance; for our parents have a way of surviving our spasmodic attentions, and continuing on their way, grateful and fatigued; whereas the child can be made to walk in our way, and to bear throughout his life the indelible marks of our wise or foolish handling.

It is a fact that twenty-five years ago the children of well-to-do people were often in danger from parental neglect; it is at least possible that to-day children of the same class are in danger from a too aggressive attention. In the dark ages of our grandparents women of the upper-middle class, once they were married, settled down to a routine of child-bearing, house-minding, and family-ruling; they gave up the pomps and

vanities of the world; they devoted their lives to their children; and of such great sacrifices, reader, may you and I have been the fruit. But women of that class do not now forsake the world when they are married. Rather they enter it, and go on from strength to strength, adding to society the indubitable attractions of the young married woman. We are greedier of life now, I think, than we were, or rather we are greedier of public and social life, and neglectful of those quieter but far fuller and deeper kinds of experience that lie behind dull veils of duty and devotion. But we are also becoming conscientious. We know it is bad citizenship to neglect our children; and since we do not propose to depart this public and social life on their account, we have to devise some means of bringing them into it. Hence the cult of the child; hence the child-play, written for grown-up people; hence the child-book, written by young bachelor journalists; hence the child review, written by eugenically-minded professors with frustrated procreative tendencies; hence the elaboration of the children's party.

The real children's party is one of the happiest things in the life of a happy child; a party at which there are games, and certain essential forms of food at supper, of which the most delectable are trifle and jam-sandwich. These may be glorified by the addition of certain elegant and decorative comestibles, so that your party shall conform to the standards of a small friend of mine who, upon being bidden, asked "Will it be a jelly-party?" And the innocent and foolish games, at which the stiffest and most priggish child must grow hot and unbend—who does not remember them? "Brother, I'm bobbed", dumb crambo, cross questions, forfeits, "My master has sent me unto you", Russian scandal, Simon says, the stage coach, stool of repentance—these are only a few of the delectable names that have thrilled so many little hearts and pleasantly wearied so many little bodies, and in so many little souls consolidated the triple life of joy, giving pleasure in anticipation, in realisation, and in remembrance.

But that is not the fashion of 1912. The simple jelly-party is mocked at—not by the children, but by the elders, who do not find it sufficiently amusing. For the feature of the present child-cult is the discovery that children, instead of being tiresome, noisy, and untidy objects, are interesting and amusing, and have their place, like the Russian Ballet, Prince's, and costume balls, in a wise and well-ordered life. On to the stage with them, then; drill them, dress them, rehearse them, so that they may perform for us. Now dressing up, if played by children for their own pleasure, is a great game; but being dressed up for other people's is quite another thing. But children can be used as ornaments; they are "decorative"; so instead of their stiff but thrilling party clothes, they must be sent forth in apparel from the costumiers, with swords and feathers and trains, in which they cannot romp or play. Little Willie Johnson must not be Willie Johnson, but Perkin Warbeck, or one of the little Princes in the Tower, or a babe in the wood, or Peter Pan, doomed to an evening of Barrieisms and Wendy-worship. Those weary little Romeos, longing to take off their plumed hats; those sad little Henry-the-Eighths, perspiring beneath their wadding; those embittered little Alices or Red Riding Hoods, weeping because another and richer child has a finer costume in the same character—there is no pity for them; they are no longer players but performers, making their contribution to the craze for amateur pageantry.

And then there are the presents—sources of endless hidden woes and heartburnings. The cotillon, or the Christmas tree, is crowned by elaborate and expensive gifts, that cannot all be equally desirable, and that therefore cannot fail to cause longing, envy, jealousy and disappointment. Have people forgotten how frightfully sensitive children are to anything like social inequality, or how the darts of snobbishness can stab, that they can thus multiply the occasions of them? A child who cannot give to her friends a party as "good" as she received, is to some extent an unhappy child, and

to the same extent a victim to the selfishness of her elders.

What is the result? A citizen of Manchester, who gave last week a party at which the oldest guest was sixteen, has been complaining bitterly ever since. There was champagne; and severe criticisms were passed by the guests either on the brand or the vintage. I am not sure which; but I think the grievance was that he had given them 1904 instead of 1900 wine.

"THE MIRACLE."

By JOHN PALMER.

THE production in London by Professor Max Reinhardt of "The Miracle" is perhaps the most important theatrical event of the last twelve months. I am not writing this in a heat of enthusiasm. Fresh from the actual spectacle at Olympia, despite the wonder of its light and colour and movement, I should be writing with less confidence. Conviction of its greatness and importance grows with distance. It is greater in retrospect, when the small failures and the uncertain moments are forgotten, and the magnificence of the thing attempted possesses the imagination. You forget that once or twice you found yourself unconsciously putting the question: Has he succeeded? the mere asking of which brings with it a pitiless negative. You only remember that there were moments of unquestioning acceptance, when you were vividly aware of a great imaginative conception, formed of the bodies and voices and movements of men and women—a great dramatic idea expressed in visible pageantry.

Let us dwell first on the extraordinary technical skill of the producer. He had been given a vast and hideous building, containing a central arena, bordered on all sides with tiers of seats rising to the roof. He had to present a continuous pageant in many scenes, each scene different in atmosphere and intention. The interior of a cathedral, a wooded hillside, a banquet hall, a bed-chamber—all these scenes must in turn be suggested to the audience; and the producer had not a moment of leisure or privacy in which to prepare the illusion. The cathedral must fade suddenly in a moment of darkness; when the light returns, where the cathedral walls barred us in there must be open country, through which a robber Count may come riding with dogs and horses and men. For a producer of the school of Sir Herbert Tree Professor Reinhardt's problem would start a vision of scene-shifters and mechanics working frantically under cover of darkness, pulling down columns and walls, rushing in with forests of cardboard trees, elaborately setting forth marriage-tables and market-places. Sir Herbert and his men would insist that you should see, not with the mind but with the eye; and that what you saw should make it impossible for your imagination to go roving behind the gross confines of unlovely stones and trees. It has always been the aim of these producers to fill the vision, not to direct it; to thwart, and not to encourage, the imagination. The method of Professor Reinhardt is precisely the converse. He plays with the imagination as with a familiar. He knows the things it will see, and not see. He knows that, once it is started, it may be guided whither he will by the man who knows how to keep it sensitive to suggestion.

He loses no time, but brings you immediately into the cathedral. The walls are about you; the light is cunningly subdued, so that you may be aware of vast spaces and columns of stone reaching dimly away. When the performance begins, with the beating of a great bell, the light is so distributed that if your eyes wander from the central group they fall naturally on the stained-glass windows through which light is streaming from outside. Actually you are never conscious of being in the building yourself; nor do you see the orchestra occupying some two hundred seats in the cathedral and playing in full view. Professor Reinhardt holds you absorbed in a spectacle taking place

in the actual building in which you sit, but imaginatively you see the whole thing as a spectator from outside. Then the moment arrives when the cathedral walls which, by merely leaning back in your seat, you can actually touch with your hands must be forgotten. There is a moment of darkness; the great cathedral door glides open; a small but "practicable" hillside rumbles in through the opening; and, when the light returns, the walls of the cathedral have vanished. Physically you can see them, if you really wish it. But who would strain the physical eye to discern in the shadow something impertinent to the story when the producer has forcibly suggested to your imagination the thing he wills you with your whole heart to see? Professor Reinhardt knows that, so long as the cathedral walls do not physically intrude themselves, they will not be seen. He therefore throws them into shadow, darkens the lighted windows of stained glass, and pours a flood of light upon the arena. The scene is now a vast open space simply by virtue of the small suggested landscape that has been pulled through the western end.

All this is more than evidence of Professor Reinhardt's technical skill. He has not treated his problem in this fashion simply because the conditions at Olympia and the material with which he was working made it technically impossible to do the thing more elaborately. This great plain lying between the walls of a cathedral is not a makeshift. "The Miracle" is a great technical feat in the sense that Professor Reinhardt has moulded his conception perfectly to the conditions at Olympia in accordance with which he was compelled to work. But "The Miracle" is more than that. It is a challenge flung to the whole school of producers who aim at making a direct appeal to the eye. It is the most splendid and forcible retort as yet delivered in London upon the method of production with which we are painfully familiar at His Majesty's and other West End theatres. It almost seems as if Professor Reinhardt had set out consciously to disprove every axiom of the naturalistic school which for years has done its worst in this country to destroy in the playgoer all imaginative feeling. Contrast Professor Reinhardt's robber feast in "The Miracle" with the Hampton Court banquet of Sir Herbert Tree in his production of "Henry VIII." Into the vast open space of the arena—always surrounded, when you care to look, by the walls of the cathedral—Professor Reinhardt brings some half-dozen benches and tables, furnishing them no more than sufficiently with service for the feast. It would not have occurred to anyone to ask whether the goblets were correctly mediaeval, or the manner of the banquet correctly imitated from a study of ancient tapestries. All you care to see is that a carousal is toward. Your imagination is challenged to ignore that the identical space in which the robbers are feasting has already served for the open plains of the world, and for the sacred floor upon which the Virgin's worshippers have lately kneeled. You are challenged to be unaware of the limelight men working in full view in iron cages suspended from the roof. You have to forget the orchestra which is blowing and thrumming under your eyes not a hundred yards away. You have to be entirely oblivious that you yourself are actually in the building upon the floor of which the robbers are roaring and feasting. The producer knew that none of these things would matter in the least, if only you came to him as to a man of art whose calling it was to quicken and impress his idea upon your imagination. He knew you would see what you were prepared to see, so long as the things you were not prepared to see were not absolutely forced upon you. He used his knowledge of the way in which your imagination would work; and in addition to this he used his technical artist's knowledge in the estimation of distances and the effect of light, so that the working of your imagination might proceed unhindered by merely physical obstacles.

That the whole of this play, with its varied scenes, should be enacted within the walls of the cathedral itself is not only technically right and imaginatively congruous. It is absolutely essential to the dramatic

conception. The story of "The Miracle" unfolds one of the oldest and greatest of dramatic themes, which, whether we speak of it in the language of prophet or poet or seer, is ever the same—the struggle between the demons of good and evil for the possession of a human soul. When in "The Miracle" the nun goes out into the world it is dramatically right that through all the scenes of her terrible passage we should be subconsciously aware that the cathedral walls are still about her. They are the beginning and the end; the stormy interval is a dream, in the illimitable sense that the solid earth has often faded to a dream in the vision of poets and thinkers. The mere physical presence of the cathedral walls lends a unity to the play, though we are not actively aware of them when the story requires us to forget. The Spielman is for ever present; the cathedral walls stand firmly from scene to scene; a human soul goes upon the eternal venture—these are the three dramatic elements persistent in the spectacle from first to last. The rest is a pageant of mortal life, framed in a scene with darkness before and after.

I have hinted that "The Miracle" is not perfectly a dramatic success. To go into the reasons of this would inevitably bring me to write of Mr. Gordon Craig and the "Ueber-marionette"; and of a theory of drama just put forward by Mr. W. B. Yeats in his preface to a very beautiful new edition of his plays. I must return to the subject in another article.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

REGARDING the Old Masters Exhibition as a composition, we recognise its rambling passages and irrelevancies, we see that the Academy, loaded up with more loans than they really wanted, went on hanging in a somewhat mechanical way, much in fact as Edwin Abbey went on painting. None the less this Exhibition strikes fine notes and makes emphatic points. Of these the finest and the most pronounced come from the British School, though there are Italian and Dutch pictures of great interest. For example, Mr. Heseltine's "Virgin and Child with S. John", ascribed to Botticelli (where the learned no doubt would say Amico di Sandro), is a piece of great tenderness and austere beauty. The large landscape next it signed "Bellini" is very interesting, and next that again the Andrea Mantegna with its unswerving intensity and mystic fervour is arresting. Others there are, too—the remarkable A. van Ostade, No. 73, an early example dated 1636; the fresh and amusing No. 83 by Ledru, a keen, naïve Davidian of whom most of us are quite ignorant; the authentic signed and dated Juan del Mazo, painted six years after his great master's death (lent from the Castle Howard Collection), and the Portrait, No. 79, by Nicolas Brenet, all are important from some aspect. But what gives the show a sense of continuity and composition is its collection of British masters.

They make a heartening display, and even though certain of the Stuart pictures are quite misunderstood, and for the most part badly chosen and ill-cared for, the Academy has given us an exhibition to put us deeply in its debt. The time will come when our Stuart portraits will be more justly recognised; when Lely's real value, for instance, and Dobson's identity will cease to be so vague. The portrait ascribed to Dobson, No. 120, has nothing to do with that essentially English painter, but is a Dutch or Flemish copy of a Van Dyck. The large group from Ditchley, representing James Duke of York, his wife and children, which exists in variants in two other private collections, is not Lely's but Jacob Huysmans' (or Houseman, as he was called in England). So Mr. Carline's "Young Widow", No. 85, ascribed to Lely, is by Gerard Soest, and an interesting specimen of that painter's early work. To conclude this list of Stuart portraits that are obvious evidence of our general vagueness, the "Nell Gwynne" (?) from Livermere Park, No. 135, "originally

inherited from Baptist Wray" (sic) and assigned to Kneller, is but a Lely studio piece, probably by William Wissing. Lord Barnard's Lely pictures, "Louise de Quérouaille" and "Lady M. Sackville" are so badly cared for as to make a just verdict difficult. The former I should say is by the hand we recognise in the Portrait Gallery "Nell Gwyn", the latter by Lely himself. Lord Dillon's "Barbara Villiers", as one can see now it hangs in a strong light, needs cleansing from its varnish to reveal what a master of colour and superb painting Lely was.

A little more intelligence in the selection of this show of British portraiture would have shown us the continuity of Van Dyck with Reynolds. In such things, it seems to me, there is great interest. For instance, a good English Van Dyck, an early Lely, such as are at Ham House or Syon House, two good Knellers with a Michael Dahl of about 1715-1720, and the chain had been complete. As it is we light on its disconnected links at random, and in one case by happy accident. This lucky chance is the inclusion of a Hudson signed and dated 1749, but catalogued as Reynolds. It is true that this "First Earl of Radnor" (No. 21), is not a good one or very relevant to Reynolds' formation, but it makes a link. A Dahl would just relate Reynolds' delightful little "Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam" (No. 8) to the earlier school, as a fine Kneller (for example the "Lady Mar" in riding dress, at Alloa, or the similar portraits at Welbeck or Ham House) would show the connexion of Reynolds' "Duchess of Grafton" with Sir Godfrey. For Sir Joshua, like Rembrandt, is the logical development of material he found ready. What Rembrandt incorporated from Pynas, de Keyser, Elsheimer, and others Reynolds absorbed from the Kneller tradition, via Hudson, and from Dahl and Gandy. This charming child portrait (No. 8), with its pale pearly greys opposed to delicate ivory, incontestably owes something to Dahl's special play of colour; this stately "Duchess of Grafton," with her flatly drawn, level eyes; in the masklike contour and modelling of her face, in the poise of the head and the convention of her hand, is the Anglicised child of Kneller's "Lady Mar", or "Lady Cavendish" (I believe it is) at Welbeck.

Reynolds' less sincere and scrupulous side is also represented, not so much in the Somerley allegorical figures as in the "Richard Burke" of 1782. In essentials there is no difference between this portrait (and many other Reynolds of its calibre) and Lely's or Kneller's Beauties. There are superficial differences to help us distinguish Reynolds from Lely, points of costume, tricks of colour and painting, and of course the tradition of attractiveness that alters from generation to generation; but that is all. And the relation Reynolds bears to Lely in this respect is as fixedly maintained by their respective imitators, for instance Gardner and Wissing. The other day a ruined example of that very poor painter Gardner fetched £2200, a typical instance of what happens when fashion, unscrupulousness and ignorance conspire. But Gainsborough on the other hand never, or only on unique occasions, descended to conventional flattery, or even vacuity in his Royal portraits, hereby signalling his superiority to Reynolds and even Hogarth. Indeed he is the most incorruptible portrait painter the British School has produced, as Romney or Lawrence is the least. Two curious portraits under Gainsborough's name are those of "The Hon. Edward Bouverie" and the "Hon. Frances Duncombe" dated 1773. Unless some deteriorating process, in the heads especially, has affected their quality, one feels that Gainsborough Dupont had a hand in them. How extensively Master Dupont is implicated in many so-called Gainsboroughs we have not yet calculated, but we know the Trinity House portraits were actually included in the latest and most expert book as Gainsborough's authentic work, when all the time documents at the Trinity House prove they were painted by Dupont.* To much

the same period of Gainsborough's activity (if these portraits be by him) belongs the Ickworth "Earl of Bristol", a piece of consummate painting and fine dignity, and with that sense of life and wit Gainsborough so rarely missed. Herein again he was Reynolds' better, seeing people with a shrewdness and an inner sympathy, now akin to Perroneau, now to Goya, where Reynolds frequently saw them as he thought they "ought to look".

To Hoppner, with a query, is ascribed "The Sisters" (No. 115). This attribution is unduly modest, for Hoppner surely was incapable of the frank childishness and charm these girls show. In all his days he remained un-English, and above all things this portrait is English. Hence we have to look about among the lesser known English painters or the unsuspected phases of the more famous to find a fitter attribution. In the meantime Hogarth's astonishing landscape of S. James' Park needs no such investigation. Some people have been inclined to question it, ignorant, apparently, of its pedigree. They would suggest obvious names like Scott's, because Hogarth is little known in this large Venetian sort of vein. Dealing first with dry documentary proofs, this picture of Rosamund's Pond (the favourite resource of suicides) was painted at some time before 1750, when it was engraved by Rose. It was at that time in Mr. Ralph Willett's collection at Merby House, Dorsetshire, and its measurements given as 5 feet 1 inch by 3 feet 3½ inches (they are given in the catalogue of this Exhibition as 40 inches by 61 inches). The quality of the picture, however, is more profitable—its extraordinary depth of colour and solidity; its subtle draughtsmanship and tone. Some of the little figures who saunter and dally in the shaded walks are put in with the delicacy of an English Watteau and the skill of a Guardi. And though analysis may find more pictures than one in the composition, yet the sonorous richness of the lighting and the extraordinary suffusion of atmosphere cover this defect. Hogarth indeed is a great master, as one who but the other day came across his "Night" and "Morning", and in this show his "Painter in his Studio", his "Miss Edwards", and "The Beggars' Opera" has no difficulty in endorsing.

Two rooms filled with Abbey's drawings and paintings conclude this very various Exhibition. A noticeable property of drawings such as these, in comparison with those we treasure in our Print Rooms, is their obvious preoccupation with their subject or anecdote. Whereas an Italian, a Dutch or French drawing seems to have been made in the spirit of "getting some fun" out of the actual line, its freedom and resources, these careful studies strike one as apprenticed to the story that is to be illustrated, as bespoken and engaged by some conception not the artist's. Thus they seem tied down to a conscientious transcription of material the artist had been commissioned to execute, more than spontaneous creations and suggestions. However, I must return to these and the equally conscious paintings at another time.

WITH A GENTLEMAN IN PATAGONIA.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THIS* is not the ordinary book of travels that one knows so well and hates so thoroughly. The book of travels gives a man, in many cases, an ample scope to show the entire measure of his futility, vulgarity, and narrowness of view. Often enough it might as well have been indited from Peckham, so little does the traveller seem to have seen in his perambulations of the world. The artificial atmosphere, so natural to so many of our countrymen, in which all men are cads, all women cats, in which all gold is really tinfoil, virtue but cunningness in never being caught, truth an amalgam of shuffling and of pettifoggery lies, and public opinion merely the reflex of a leading article in the newspaper in vogue in their own circle, accompanies their steps.

* This discovery was communicated to me by Mr. Liesching, who has made a special study of the portraits in his care.

* "The Wilds of Patagonia." By Carl Skottsberg. London: Arnold. 1911. 15s. net.

Our author had already won his spurs (or their equivalents) in the Swedish Magellanic expedition in 1904. On his return he found that South America invincibly attracted him, as it has done others who are not scientists. Darwin said that the stony plains of Patagonia were more intensely burnt into his memory than the most gorgeous scenes of tropic life. The picture that he draws of the lone camp-fire between the Rio Negro and Bahia Blanca, the horses feeding in the moonlight, the dogs watching the sleepers, and he himself awake, gazing into the embers, and perhaps wrapped in the frequent contemplation of his travels, is unforgettable. So it was not extraordinary that the adventurous young Swede should also feel the impulse in his blood. When I look back upon my wanderings about the Southern plains, back in the days when if a horse went off without a buck some friend was sure to throw a sheepskin on his back, to make his calling and election sure, I often wonder where the attraction lay. It was, I think, in being close to nature; closer far than one can get in any quarter—even in the remotest Asian steppe—in the Old World.

In Eastern wilds, man never is far distant. Upon the Patagonian frontiers, in those days, one either had to take an army or to attach oneself to some wild Indian tribe, as Musters the explorer did, to penetrate to most of the places that the author of this book reached with comparatively little risk. For in those days the Indians still possessed the lands in which they had been born. Now, as the author says, their few descendants are practically slaves. Oh! villainous saltpetre and at least as villainous cant of progress, brought in with gunpowder and gin. The book resolves itself into three episodes. Firstly, the author's journey with his friends Halle and Mensel to the Falkland Islands and the Straits. Next comes their visit to Juan Fernandez (Alexander Selkirk's island) and the adjacent group. Lastly, and this in human interest is the greatest, although, perhaps, to scientific men the Juan Fernandez visit had most tangible results, their long, lone trail from Bariloche down to Sandy Point.

No one, I think, has drawn a better picture of the Falkland Island scenery than has the writer of this book. Reading it, one seems to feel the ceaseless wind and hear the murmur of the sea, whilst the sharp, acrid smell of the peat fires the shepherds burn, invades one's nostrils with its "reek", as we say in the North.

What strikes one specially in the writer is his perfect lack of pose. He talks about himself quite naturally, just as a man who has no eye upon the public talks. We feel him a highly trained professor, young and still not a prig. Yet in his nature there is something fragrant and boyish, after the fashion of the Scandinavian heroes of old time. He sees, as clever men of every nationality must see, nothing is modern but good science or good art, esteeming great men of the past (and present) the real modernists, and that a fool to-day is as contemptible as was a fool of the Stone Age. This attitude of mind provides a link between his science and the art of other men, often so lamentably wanting in our British scientists. The following passage lets us into his mind more intimately than would reams of criticism. "Port Louis is the classical ground of the Falklands. Here lie the ruins of the old settlement; here Charles Darwin strolled about, here J. D. Hooker collected materials for his famous *Flora Antarctica*, here the *Challenger* anchored. All these memories crowd upon the mind of a naturalist of to-day, and cast a halo round the brown, desolate heath."

On reading the above I wondered in what language it was penned. If by a translator, he was a genius at his trade. If by the author, he knows our language wonderfully, as well as does a certain South American diplomatist, whose name wild horses could not drag from me. Tierra del Fuego and the Straits, with Chiloe, all lie in the same division of the book. The town of Punta Arenas, which in my time consisted of a few wooden huts and a pulperia or two, has now grown into a large place with theatres, stores, drinking saloons, wealth, pauperism, and all the signs of

modern civilisation, as progress, cant, and syphilis. The author goes ashore at Dawson Island, sees the Catholic Salesian Mission, and writes the following lines:—"Few of them were pure Indians; mostly they betrayed a rather mixed origin, a fact perhaps somewhat remarkable at a mission station. . . . Certainly they (the priests) have seen to it that the hitherto empty life of the natives shall find a real object and a meaning. One thing, however, is of little account—the Indians themselves." Very bitterly, after the fashion of all honest men unconnected with business or government, does the writer comment on the position of these Indians. He talked to two old Indians, and asked them if they were happy, and received the answer, "Once, once, there were so many of us, and now . . . all dead". Then this mad Swede—for it is clear that he is mad, as mad as Wilberforce, Las Casas, and Colenso, remarks in his wild, atheistic way: "But all around us in the forest dozens of images and pictures of saints bear witness to the triumph of Christian civilisation". One can but hope that someone who has never been in Punta Arenas will stand up boldly and give the lie direct.

In the true scientific spirit the author wonders why there is so much more interest in strange animals than in strange races of mankind. When the tribe of the Yohgans disappears, he says, no one can possibly live in their territory. "There, we, the white men, are the weaker race. . . . Why are they disappearing? Nobody hungered for their country—it was for the care of their souls. . . . The mission gathered them . . . set them to read the Catechism and to knit stockings". Thereupon the ungrateful tribes of Indians languished and died. "Mais quoi! ils ne portaient pas des hauts-de-chausses." In the Falklands the author was the first to find out that once the islands had been a forest of great needle-trees, a thing no scientist had ever known before.

The Juan Fernandez group is a true paradise for botanists. In it our author revels. He interviews the last surviving sandalwood tree upon the island. "Absolutely the last descendant of *Santalum fernandezianum*—beautiful word, gory, as the German professor said. It is so queer to stand at the deathbed of a species; probably we were the last scientists to see it living. We look at the old tree with a religious respect." Religious respect is good, but it also must have made him inclined to fall a-cursing like one of those personages with whose scriptural name I should not like to sully the pages of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Besides these relics of a pre-commercial age, the writer visited the tablet set up to the memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner of Largo, in the East Neuk of Fife. It is, perhaps, as interesting as the *Palinurus frontalis*, the *Gunnera peltata* and *Juania Australis*, at least to some of us; but the peculiar merit of the author is, though he knows all about the *Hymenophylla* and *Trichomanes*, that he quite understands the East Fife sailor and feels for him just as if he were a fine variety of *Marsippospermum grandiflorum* or *Chilio-trichoma*. The last division of the author's travels, and perhaps the most interesting, is the account of the journey from Bariloche down to Sandy Point, a distance of some fourteen hundred miles. Here I feel (personally) on far firmer ground in reviewing what the author and his friends achieved.

Truth, it is said, will out, a statement that may be taken for anything it may be worth in relation to anything but Governments, for none of them knows the meaning of the word. In spite of Latin, science, art, and sympathy, the author was a "chapetón" when horses came into the field. That fact pierces right through his love for them and manifests itself in the same way a landsman writing of the sea is bound to show he is a landsman in every line he writes. Perhaps the strangeness of the animals with which he had to do, imparted an additional charm to the whole trip. The journey in itself was most adventurous, and is interesting as, thirty years ago, even the place from which the author started was difficult to reach, and quite impossible from the

Atlantic side. Dozens of times I have sat round the fire, camped on the southern Pampa, and heard men talk about the Lake of Nahuel Huapi and others of the lakes the author mentioned, just as men used to talk about the sources of the Nile. Yet this young Swedish professor, quite unused to frontier life, performed the journey practically unarmed, with but three friends. Thus passes all the glory of the desert, and the earth shrinks every day a little more. Few books of the kind that I have read in recent years are half as interesting. Instead of bloody records of the butchering of defenceless beasts (for it should never be forgotten that even tigers and rhinoceroses are practically without defence against quick-firing guns) we have an interesting account of plants, stones, natural history, and scientific problems, all set down by a young, well-educated and adventurous man. Not once does he complain of all the hardships that he must have undergone, prate about food, or talk of "natives" like a slave-driver. In fact, the book reads like what Captain Cook's adventures might have been had they been written by Sir Joseph Banks, and still preserved Cook's charm.

NEW YEAR AT THE FARM.

By JOHN HALSHAM.

THE lantern which had hung above the stall in the barn since twilight fell was taken from its nail at last; long shadows of the manger-bars, of a horned head and a man's stooping figure wavered up the walls and vanished in the hollow darkness of the roof; the heifer that had lain all day motionless and breathing hard among the straw was easier, and might safely be left for the night. The master and the cowman came out into the yard together, stretching cramped limbs and for the moment feeling their way like blind men, their eyes bleared with watching by the low light. The cowman, with half a mile of drenched field paths before him, took the lantern; the farmer crossed the yard and the little grass plot to the house door. With his hand on the latch he stopped to listen, as a swell of the wind brought the sound of bells up from the village beyond the hill. It was later than he had thought; they must be ringing the last peal for the old year—a thing he had never heard yet in all the time that he had been at Crosswaters Farm. Neither Peter Virgoe nor his wife was of the kind which sits up to watch the train of the departing year, and greet the new. The work of the farm was a linked and continuous whole which brooked no intervention on the part of the calendar: the day's labours had always won the night's rest; and the morning, whether it shifted the date of year or century, would come soon enough with the return of the inexorable duties. But to-night, so near as it was to twelve o'clock, he would for once keep the festival, and let in the new year. He would be in the fashion and meet it waking, like his neighbour Maclellan at High Beeches, and Saunders at the Lythe, who were wont, with other northern invaders in that region, to make a night of it together, or like the people at the Manor-House, where they always had the servants' ball. The wind that was sounding in the yew beside the porch suddenly lulled, and in the silence the music of the bells swelled from a confused murmur to a melodious clearness, every note of the coursing changes distinct, with the lingering chords and melancholy over-tones floating across the steady beat of the tenor. Peter Virgoe, who had been a ringer in his younger days, listened with head aslant to the well-handled peal, till he heard the seemingly interminable confusion of the changes roll out into the scale of "rounds" again, and then pushed open the door and went into the living-room of the house. All was silent within; the air was full of a soft warmth and the fine scent of the walnut-logs which, half burnt out, kept a red glow among the heap of feathery ashes on the hearth. There was light enough to show the shapes of things in the room to anyone familiar with their places, to touch faintly

out the lines of the wall-panelling and the sampler frames and mourning-cards upon it, the long oak table and the dresser with its ware, the gun and the sheep-hook in a corner, the high settle beside the fire. Peter had left the door half open when he came in, and the night air, mixing its keen moist freshness with the warmth of the room, sent a little draught to the chimney and stirred a tongue of flame in the embers. The light shone on the old man's stooping figure as he stood with one foot on the hearthstone and his hand on the chimney-breast, showing such a form of lean ungainly strength as we figure Father Time under, an active hardness which seems to offer no hold to the assaults of age until, perhaps in the nineties, it gives way all at once. The blue neckerchief, the wide-skirted tail-coat and high leggings, with straws still about them from the vigil in the cow-stall, pictured the old-fashioned, well-to-do working farmer, of a type that has almost vanished from the land. Peter's broad bald crown was encircled by a wreath of thick-curling grey hair; his face, ruddy and thin-featured, with a high-bridged nose and handsome mouth and chin, had an expression of alert wisdom, touched with a reflective air, a sense of spiritual refining: such mixture of elements is at times to be seen on the countenances of the older race, and on theirs alone.

As he leaned by the chimney the flame among the logs flickered and climbed till it threw a light that reached the tall clock in the farther corner, and showed that the old year had a quarter of an hour to run, a quarter or thereabouts, for they were always very easy about a few minutes this way or that at Crosswaters. As Peter waited by the hearth he took an ancient hour-glass from the mantel-board, turned it over and set it down on the table in the light of the fire, absently watching the thread of sand and the slipping, piling cone beneath it. There was nothing in the symbol which could trouble his thoughts, whether they looked backward or forward. Here, by the hearth which he had called his own for forty years, among the household goods which had come to be part of himself and not mere belongings, with the ordered fields lying about the house, the sheep and beasts in the fold and the yard under the quiet darkness, here he could find little room for over-anxious care. He was one of those people—happy, they would call themselves, if they ever gave a thought to the matter—who have filled up the tale of their days and have nothing left which can greatly concern them on this side of the grave. Thoughts which went beyond the bourne, serene rather than exalted, came often enough to Peter in those hours of busy-handed labour whose monotony makes such excellent retreats for the countryman's mind to muse in: to-night his meditations did not go beyond the bounds of time.

When it wanted a few minutes to the hour he crossed the room and set the door wide open. For a moment it was strange and a little disconcerting to think of the house standing open to the world at such a time of night, long after it should have been safely barricaded with the ancient lock and the heavy oak spar. He called to mind, as he stood looking into the darkness, things that had crossed the doorstep, and things that were yet to come in or go out over it. No great shock of ill had entered during his time; no bad news of money or lawsuit lost, no breathless alarm of accident in the fields, no letter heavy with tidings of family disgrace. He remembered how his father, the day before he died, had walked in a little giddily, coming up at noon from the harvest-field and saying he would lie down for an hour till his head was better; the desolation of the loss had passed from Peter's mind; what remained was the memory of the strangely peaceful day of the funeral, the dazzling sunlight on the coffin as the white-frocked labourers carried it through the door and over the grass-plot before the house. The heavy oak rail which was used to strengthen the turn in the staircase against the weight of the bearers as they brought the body down was laid away on the top of the brew-house rafters, and waited till it should be wanted again for his wife's carrying-out, and his own. Their eight children had all

gone out into the world happily enough, as most reckoned; married, gone to the Shires, to London, to Australia. Some of them they had never heard of for year; some came back to see them now and then, strangely changed in all their ways. The youngest daughter had paid a visit to the farm only so late as Christmas, bringing her husband, an engineer's foreman in Rotherhithe, and three of the grandchildren; and the party had been hard put to it to endure politely the third day at Crosswaters. They had gone; all the stir of the two generations of strangers in the house had passed by, and the place was as quiet as it was before the first child ever cried in it. She was strangely changed, was Milly; perhaps even Lucy in Queensland, if they were to see her again, might not seem so much altered. Lucy had always been the old-fashioned one; but she had not written for four years now; she would never cross the doorstep again; nor would John, at the mews in Knightsbridge; nor Harry, in the foundry at Leeds. And even if some chance were to bring them home again, it would hardly make any difference. Nothing to make any difference could ever come into the house now; the count of gain and loss was made up, even to the last outgoing.

From the firelit room the night had looked pitch-black through the open door; but as Peter stood on the threshold it showed light enough to disclose the familiar shapes of the farmstead and the fields. A fine rain was falling, but there was a bar of clear sky in the south, where a star or two shone with broad soft radiance. Peter had begun instinctively to think about the chances of ploughing the twelve-acre, with such weather holding, when the bells beyond the hill broke out with the clash which told that the new year was in. He went in and made the door fast behind him; he must get to bed and make the most of a short night. They would certainly be able to go on with the ploughing first thing in the morning.

THE OWLES ALMANACKE, 1618.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY almanac-makers, imitating their Tudor predecessors, were as profuse in their predictions of coming events and coming weather as are some of the almanac-makers of to-day. Equally, the predictions of these seventeenth-century prophets caught the eyes of their contemporaries as fine sport for their wits.

Here is one, "The Owles Almanacke," 1618. Readers may learn that "It is High Water at London Bridge when the tide is come in: it is Low Water when tis gone out.

"It is High Water above London Bridge when the prentises there dwellinge plucke up buckets full to the top of the houses to serve their kitchins.

"The third daie of the month shall be a Good Daie if not one knave shall be found on it in Long Lane.

"The eighth of the month shall be a Good Daie if all that walke in Powles dine.

"There is a Faire Wench to be seene every morning in some shop in Cheapside.

"There is a Faire paire of Gallows kept at Tiburne from yeeres end to yeeres end.

"More boxes on the eare shall be given at Billingsgate with a good hand and heart than willingly shall be taken.

"There shall be more plucking of men by the cloakes and elbowes in Birchin Lane than clapping men on the shoulders at the Counter gates."

The jokes are a little thin, but they throw some light on everyday Stuart London. So do the following, aimed at some of the trades:—

To Painters.—"The ribbes of tottring houses must be coated with a new paint against the Christning of the next childe."

To Carpenters.—"There will be a bundance of rotten doores in London. I tell you many over-leaning buildings will lacke a little of your helpe: yet some of them that bow to my Lord Maior when he rides by their front,

and that leane into the streetes as though they would shake him by the hand, may stand as they doe."

To Skinners.—"The trotting Pedler shall summon up to your shops an Armie of cunny skins, and picke them out of the countrey kitchens for points, pinnes, and all to enrich you. Every simpering Sib and coy Katherine shall rounde a muffle before her as a denne for her fingers in frost-biting weather. But you must not, when you espie an hard-favoured Gentleman with a bugled cheeke or a chinne like a vizard, pace down row with a cry 'Will you buy a good face, will you buy a good face, Sir?'"

To Saddlers.—"Coaches are like to have a downfalle this yeere if the horses be franticke at a side of a ditch. Durty passes shall bespot the complexion of a velvet saddle."

To Barber-Surgeons.—"A proud match at foot-ball shall send many a lame soldier to your tent; and a fiery fray in Smith field shall bring many a bloudy combatant to your shop. Joynts shall be ill-knit; and Gentles shall cut their Fingers."

To Taylers, id est To Limbe-trimmers.—"An ocean of indentures will not serve you for measures; and as much thred as will compasse the world will be stitched up in a twelvemonth."

To Haberdashers.—"A showre of rain shall put a paste-board out of square and order; and a little drop will cockle your silk."

To Dyers.—"A good blaste of winde shall blow away a sea-water greene; and a forty mile journey will banish a garden-violet. Not so much as the Russet-coats that were wont to be worne on Plowmans backs as they came from the Lambes-limbes but they shall this yeare have a lick at your dye-pans. In a worde, sick men and Dyers shall bee dying all the yeare long."

To Goldsmiths.—"Every Jack will have a jewell in his eare that he may defie the pillorie with a better grace. A blew coat without a Cullizan will be like Habberdine without mustard. Every kitchen maid will have a marriage ring as an embleme of her good mans love. Every busie wooer will present a costly necke lace to his lovely joy, and not a pin that came not through your fingers. Gossips at Christnings shall helpe you away with many spoones. Gentlemens spurs shall speak false Latine: they shall gingle as if they were all Silver to the heele when they are Lead at the heart. Many Church-doores shall be opened with Silver keyes; most men shall climbe the ladder of promotion by silver steps; and twill be good fishing with a silver hooke."

Fishmongers are told, "A codshead will be an ordinary dish, or a Dish at an Ordinary; and red sprat a good breakfast for a prentise. Stockfish and Onions will be a dish for Dutchmen, and a side of Ling will make a double brace of serving mens beards wag."

Bakers are told, "Nurses this yeere shall crum their Infants milke with your white-bread; and a white crust shall make no more teeth bleed to fright little ones from the love of it."

To Butchers the comfort goes that "Grasiers will send you their bigge bon'd beeves upon trust—if you pay them largely and keepe your day."

To Brewers.—"Every Market towne shall be better furnished with houses for Ale than for Almes; Harvest men will be as dry as the Arabian sand; and a dozen of hay-tossers will quickly tosse down a bunge of moisture." To Salters.—"Musicians will be counted Scrapers and crowders if they buy not some of your rozen. Ships will leake an they bee not lined with your Pitche."

To Ironmongers.—"Boyes are as like to breake glasse windows as ever they were, and that will make men speake for your wyres. Theeves are as like to breake prison, and that will make the Gaoler sue for your iron to bolt them. All the Hobbins of the Countrey shall arme their high shooes with your metall to encounter with London Stones." To Grocers.—"Never looke as pale as your sugar-loafes. Your own Prentises will yerke a clod of curranes currently downe their throates; and, it may be, pocket up an injurie as big as a pound of suger to welcome a friend in a Taverne." And, for a last quotation, the "Owle" says to "Chaundlers," "Many cast volumes will fall into

your employment, your doing will be so great; but forbear, I pray you, to wrap your half-penny wares in these leaves of mine!"

One copy, at least, of "The Owles Almanacke" escaped this fate.

A SHABBY MAN.

WHATEVER subject was started, the dingy man always brought it round somehow to the fact that he once had a supreme place in the sun. His particular sun rose and set every day in a great city called it does not matter what. It was "The Sun and Advertiser", and had its origin in an angry spark that had blown from another and bigger planet in that system.

It was white-hot to begin with. Many eyes looked up to it with curiosity and wonder. But, after a time, suspicious-looking blots were seen clearly upon it, and its pace began to die down, and many clouds hid it.

Experts in the business could tell that it was gradually losing its population.

In the end there is no doubt the dingy man was in supreme power every day for three weeks in the sun. He ruled there, till one morning it was stone-cold. That was the one great experience of his dull life—and he lived a very, very dull life for many, many years afterwards as a small fixed star. It is, however, always worth while having lived, if for the space of three weeks you have driven the chariot of God.

δ.

THE BULL.

SEE an old unhappy bull
Sick in soul and body both,
Slouching in the undergrowth
Of the forest beautiful,
Banished from the herd he led,
Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky;
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below;
And troops of monkeys, nutting some,
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit
Picking offal buck or swine,
On the mess and over it
Burnished flies and beetles shine,
And spiders big as bladders lie
Under hemlocks ten foot high;

And a dotted serpent curled
Round and round and round a tree,
Yellowing its greenery,
Keeps a watch on all the world,
All the world and this old bull
In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came:
One he led, a bull of blood
Newly come to lustihood,
Fought and put his prince to shame,
Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head
Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one,
Left him there without a lick,
Left him for the birds to pick,
Left him there for carrion,
Vilely from their bosom cast
Wisdom, worth and love at last.

When the lion left his lair
And roared his beauty through the hills,
And the vultures pecked their quills
And flew into the middle air,
Then this prince no more to reign
Came to life and lived again.

He snuffed the herd in far retreat,
He saw the blood upon the ground,
And snuffed the burning airs around
Still with beevish odours sweet,
While the blood ran down his head
And his mouth ran slaver red.

Pity him, this fallen chief,
All his splendour, all his strength,
All his body's breadth and length
Dwindled down with shame and grief,
Half the bull he was before,
Bones and leather, nothing more.

See him standing dewlap-deep
In the rushes at the lake,
Surly, stupid, half asleep,
Waiting for his heart to break
And the birds to join the flies
Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down
In a stupor, dreaming things:
Green savannas, jungles brown,
Battlefields and bellowings,
Bulls undone and lions dead
And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent
With his mother gaunt and lean
In the valley warm and green,
Full of baby wonderment,
Blinking out of silly eyes
At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again
How he wandered with a throng
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,
Wandered on from plain to plain,
Up the hill and down the dale,
Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd,
Lagged and tottered, weak of limb,
And she turned and ran to him
Blaring at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains, by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout,
And his little legs grew strong,
And the way was not so long;
And his little horns came out,
And he played at butting trees
And boulder-stones and tortoises;

Joined a game of knobby skulls
With the youngsters of his year,
All the other little bulls,
Learning both to bruise and bear,

Learning how to stand a shock
Like a little bull of rock. . . .

Dreaming of a day less dim,
Dreaming of a time less far,
When the faint but certain star
Of destiny burned clear for him,
And a fierce and wild unrest
Broke the quiet of his breast,

And the gristles of his youth
Hardened in his comely pow,
And he came to fighting growth,
Beat his bull and won his cow,
And flew his tail and trampled off
Past the tallest, vain enough,

And curved about in splendour full
And curved again and snuffed the airs
As who should say Come out who dares !
And all beheld a bull, a Bull,
And knew that here was surely one
That backed for no bull, fearing none.

And the leader of the herd
Looked and saw, and beat the ground,
And shook the forest with his sound—
Bellowed at the loathly bird
Stationed always in the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies. . . .

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn,
Surely dreaming of the hour
When he came to sultan power,
And they owned him master-horn,
Chiefest bull of all among
Bulls and cows a thousand strong,

And in all the tramping herd
Not a bull that barred his way,
Not a cow that said him nay,
Not a bull or cow that erred
In the furnace of his look
Dared a second, worse rebuke.

Not in all the forest wide,
Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen,
Not a fighter dared him then,
Dared him and again defied ;
Not a sovereign buck or boar
Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived
Once the terrors of his hoof
Risked a second time reproof,
Came a second time and lived,
Not a serpent in its skin
Came again for discipline.

Not a leopard bright as flame,
Flashing fingerhooks of steel
That a wooden tree might feel,
Met his fury once and came
For a second reprimand,
Not a leopard in the land.

Not a lion of them all,
Not a lion of the hills,
Hero of a thousand kills,
Dared a second fight and fall,
Dared his ram terrific twice,
Paid a second time the price. . . .

Pity him, this dupe of dream,
Leader of the herd again
Only in his daft old brain,—
Once again the bull supreme
And bull enough to bear the part
Only in his tameless heart.

Pity him that he must wake ;
Even now the swarm of flies
Blackening his bloodshot eyes
Bursts and blusters round the lake,
Scattered from their feast, half-fed,
By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

RALPH HODGSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTH AFRICAN AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65 Howard Street, Ilfley Road, Oxford,

22 December 1911.

SIR,—My friend, Mr. William Goulden, of Egerton, East London, South Africa, has forwarded me the following communication which is, I think, of some interest to those who wish to know something of the Colonial point of view.

Mr. Goulden says : Your request for an item on South African affairs is not always an easy matter, because there is so much in the "melting pot", and it is never safe to prophesy what will appear when you take off the scum which rises to the top. One can well understand the perplexity arising in the minds of those who follow the doings of our prominent Ministers, comparing their words and statements when in the Old Country with words and actions at home. The Englishman is ever the same trusting soul. Honest himself, he takes the word of all and sundry as gospel, whereas the chief trait of our fellow South Africans of Dutch origin is "slimness". It is ingrained in them for generations. They are masters in the art, and the longer you live amongst them the more you see of it; therefore it is with no offence that we out here cannot repress a smile when we read how you at home are deceived. When the gullibility extends itself to a man like Mr. W. T. Stead, there is large excuse for the masses. In the October number of the "Review of Reviews" I find an open letter addressed to us. It is a most dishonest attempt to interfere in our domestic affairs, under cover of two unfortunate circumstances which happened outside the Union of South Africa. The "passive resistance" episode of the Transvaal Indians is a mere pretext for inculcating the principle of strikes and boycotting in the Kaffir; and his pernicious preaching has already been put into practice at the instigation of his apt pupil, Dr. Rubasana, of East London. The bump of the "Native Gentleman's" vanity has been unduly developed by his interview with Mr. W. T. Stead, during his trip to the Coronation and to attend the Universal Races Congress, where he was photographed amongst the prominent members of that Congress and described as of the South African Parliament (which is an error). The East London ladies are greatly exercised as to reliable native domestic servants, and suggest giving characters, and a system of registration, and as few native women can write, as a means of identification it was suggested the finger-

print be taken. No honest servants had anything to fear, and the protection would be most valuable to them, as it is very greatly needed. Dr. Rubasana associating the finger-print idea with the passive resisters of the Transvaal, a class educated and cultured as compared with the South African Native ("Africander", he was described at the Races Congress, much to the disgust of the Dutchman), said, if the idea was carried out he would advise his people to become "passive resisters". No sooner did he return to East London than "strikes" in every department of native labour—harbour, railway, and municipal stores—broke out, and now we are threatened with a general turn out of women servants during the Christmas gala season. I hope Mr. Stead is satisfied with the first fruits of his inspiring policy on the inflammatory material ready to his hand. The unfortunate cases of Lewes and Cole bear a Rhodesian and East African interpretation, as well as Mr. Stead's, and the less he emulates the unfortunate Exeter Hall policy, the better we shall like him. We are fully alive to our difficulties and our responsibilities respecting the native races, and have an idea we know more about them than can possibly be the case with an interviewer. If the British public would only exercise a little more discrimination and be more discreet in their dealings with South African natives when they visit the Old Country our troubles would not be so acute. We read of the young women of Glasgow, during the recent exhibition there, allowing the natives every familiarity, to the disgust and dismay of South Africans who witnessed it. If you realised what it means when these natives return, you would not consider it much of a joke.

Similarly more educated natives are besieged and made much of, and it is utterly forgotten that they are representatives of a nation but just taking the first step out of barbarism. Let these people at home come and live on a South African farm, and near a native location, and they will know something of the native problem confronting South Africa. We farmers are rallying round General Botha, the labour problem is so acute in every department, more particularly in agriculture. If there is one thing a Dutchman can do better than another, it is manage the native. The grandmotherly Exeter Hall treatment has made our difficulties more acute in the Cape Province, by placing the native, who is immeasurably inferior to the native Britons, on a political level with us; so you will understand the knotty character of the problem. Still it is to be tackled next session. You will also understand why I resent the interference of Mr. Stead. I can only repeat, Hands off, Mr. Stead! Hands off, Exeter Hall! Hands off, Downing Street! and leave us to fight out our own salvation.

Yours truly,
HENRY PASH.

SICILIAN PATRIOTISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 December 1911.

SIR,—I am in the country and have not at hand the review of which Mrs. Whitaker complains in your issue of to-day. I regret that she should believe I wished to cast aspersions on the local patriotism of the Sicilians. I may have phrased the sentences less clearly than I ought, for "in the South" I should have written "in the South of Italy". I did desire to convey that there was little mutual help between Sicilians and Southern Italians. Many of the Sicilians fought, I am well aware, gallantly enough in their own island. But here is what Mr. Trevelyan says of them in the book, my review of which Mrs. Whitaker criticises (page 115): "As the moment for invading the mainland drew near, the recently enlisted Sicilian bands, considering their part in the affair completed, began to desert in hundreds from Messina and the Faro. Many of them had fought well for the deliverance of their own island, but few shared

the enthusiasm of their Northern Liberators for the idea of Italian unity. In so far as it meant protection by Piedmont against the return of the detested Neapolitans Italian unity was good, but in so far as it meant friendly dealings with the Neapolitans it was nought. Now that their own island was safe they returned to their homes. Only Dunne's regiment of six hundred and a 'Sicilian brigade' of eight hundred Cacciatori of Etna led by real enthusiasts like La Masa, Corrao and La Porta, of whom the last two were good soldiers, shared the fortunes of the army until the end of the Volturno campaign". Mr. Trevelyan's statement is quite in accordance with historic fact. Sicilian "patriotism" was of a strictly local and limited quality, as is indeed much "patriotism" in Italy to-day.

I am well aware that many members of the upper classes in Naples worked for the overthrow of the Bourbons before Garibaldi's arrival and after it; but as a whole the Southern Italians did little or nothing. In some parts of Calabria the local feudal chiefs led on their men to help Garibaldi, but I see no reason to alter my view that it was then as it is to-day, real patriotism and enthusiasm for Italy as a whole came from the North rather than from the South.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER OF "GARIBALDI AND
THE MAKING OF ITALY".

"PERSONAL LIBERTY AND THE MEDICINE MAN."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 30 December 1911.

SIR,—Anyone reading Miss Beatty's letter to you would suppose that she intends to imply that she was operated upon by force, she protesting all the time against any operation of any kind being performed. I remember the reports of the action she brought after the operation, but do not remember all the details or even whether she was awarded damages; but these are not material points. What is material is, that she did wish to have an operation performed, but said that she did not wish a particular detail to be included. It had been impossible beforehand to make an exact diagnosis, and when the surgeon came to the stage at which this detail had to be considered, he found that it must necessarily be included if Miss Beatty's life was to be saved; so he included the detail at his own risk and for her good. The reward he obtained was an action for damages. Miss Beatty's case thus rather demonstrates the personal liberty of the subject than serves as evidence of its being in any danger from those to whom she and Mr. Coleridge with such subtle humour apply the term "medicine men". If Miss Beatty holds "conscientious scruples against the mutilation of the body", why did she not die quietly and refuse to be operated upon at all?

Miss Beatty implies most definitely that several surgeons claimed the right of, and admitted, operating by force upon adults. In no other way can the unqualified statement that they made a practice of operating without the patient's consent be construed. This is so nonsensical as not to require any reply.

Miss Beatty's complaint that she was excluded from treatment at twelve hospitals is really funny. The hospital authorities were doing just what Mr. Coleridge and she make so much fuss about—respecting her personal liberty, and incidentally avoiding the risk of an action which might reasonably be expected to follow upon her receiving benefits of that nature.

What neither Miss Beatty nor Mr. Coleridge seem to realise is the fact—perfectly obvious to both medical man and layman—that when an operation is advised it is always a question of alternative risks. Sometimes a practical certainty of death without an operation is set off against an infinitesimal chance of death with a great probability of absolute cure. In other cases the

risks are more equally balanced. The practice of the medical man, in my experience, is to use his influence according to the proportionate risks involved. It may be that upon some occasions surgeons have operated without consent having been obtained upon children and others unable to decide for themselves, when it was a choice between certain death and the risk of an operation. I fear that some might not have the courage to do so, but I sincerely trust that any surgeon who attended me or anyone belonging to me would so act under such conditions.

Where Mr. Coleridge got the absurd idea that any surgeon has ever claimed "that the lives of the sick poor are always saved by operations", unless from his own vivid imagination, it would be difficult to say. His equally absurd statement "that we are face to face with an organised violation [on the part of medical men] of the freedom of the person", which is apparently endorsed by Miss Beatty, is evidently not accepted by many people, otherwise it would be practically impossible for any medical man to practise without obtaining a witnessed statement in writing from each of his patients, giving consent to his treatment and absolving him from any liability with regard to consequences.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES WALKER.

"THE GREAT MODERN SPIRIT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

69 Oakley Street, Chelsea S.W.,
28 December 1911.

SIR,—Miss Cameron, in accusing all the members of the Women's Suffrage Societies of "arguing and shrieking", appears to me to overlook the fact that even an anti-suffragist can make use of illogical arguments, and give forth threats and menaces of a nature only to be regarded as childish and fanciful. "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest", and on behalf of my sex may I be permitted to say that I have the highest respect and admiration for women, who make true and loyal friends and thorough and liberal helpers? To ask for a vote, on the simple basis that the tax qualification makes it a mere matter of justice, is by no means to scorn "the sheltered home, children, and husband" as Miss Cameron thinks. Many of us possess all three and are glad and grateful for the happiness and responsibility such a life brings with it. Modern mothers stand in no need to be reminded of the Roman matron of old times, nor need they look back to the past generations for advice in the matter of the up-bringing of children. Miss Cameron, in her tremendous pessimism, has forgotten, or has perhaps never heard of, the spread of the great modern spirit, with its vital requirements from us who stand only on the threshold, and watch our children enter in to possess and inhabit a new world. Motherhood has long ceased to be a condition of false sentiment and the stealthy lowering of blinds that shut out ugly truths. We of the new era see more clearly than those kind eyes that turned away from facts, and believed that a little fond shelter was in reality protection, which, unfortunately, was never the case. The old system closed its eyes to facts, the new system faces and foresees dangers, and guards against them, so far as is possible, by teaching independence. If, as Miss Cameron seems to believe, women have been intrinsically evil in all their ways up to the present moment of their interesting history, it may help her to a better optimism to consider that the first lesson of the newer school is to teach the woman of the future respect for herself and her sisters, not contempt and condemnation. Condemnation has never assisted any living being, nor is it likely to do so, even when couched in the most telling words an emotional anti-suffragist has at her disposal.

With regard to the "well-known man" and his striking rejoinder referring to battleships and babies,

I would ask him, had I the privilege of his acquaintance, whether he has ever succeeded in either of the tasks he looks upon as the conclusive argument in favour of his eminent superiority. To understand a question one must give at least some of one's life towards solving its difficult problems; but, perhaps, even among men and anti-suffragists, there may be one or two who do not comprehend the face value of words.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

LOUIE RICKARD.

"NUMEROQUE CARENTIS ARENÆ MENSOREM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 January 1912.

SIR,—In the New Year's List of Honours I observe that Mr. Frederick Wedmore receives a knighthood. It is far from my intention to question the justice of the distinction thus conferred. Indeed I have not a doubt that, in the consecrated phrase, "He has richly deserved it". What does trouble a speculative mind is the following little problem in progression. An artist, or butterfly, or "charlatan", call him what you will, named Whistler, is treated by the State with the complete neglect which he doubtless merited. No public money is wasted on his daubs by the National Gallery. Not even the least exclusive in the routine of the Orders is relaxed to admit one who has squandered on little etchings a life that might have acquired merit in the labours that absorb our Civil Service from ten till four. On the other hand Mr. Wedmore, a Serious Critic, who has compiled a list of this fribble's contemptible works, is very properly knighted. My problem is this: What honour will be adequate for the Solid Student who in the future (I trust the very distant future) will undertake a task from which the most minute of historians well might shrink, an account of the Life and Works of Sir Frederick Wedmore?

I am, Sir, yours etc.,

ARCHYTAS.

CRIMINAL SPELLING CLASSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Sydney, 18 November 1911.

SIR,—I regret that I have failed to notice the portion of this correspondence which related to the formation of a phonetic alphabet, prior to the letter of Mr. Immo S. Allen in your issue of 7 October last. I assume that one may welcome the suggestion without being suspected of advocating the spelling to be found in the "Fonetik Nuz".

As regards the signs for the two sounds of "th", why not go back to the old English alphabet in use at the time of the Norman conquest, and, instead of devising new signs, restore the old letters? We have there ready for us **ð**, **ð** (then), and **þ**, **þ** (thin); or the latter might be represented by **f**, **t**. By analogy to **ð** the sounds of "sh" and "zh" could be represented by **ſ** and **z** respectively.

If a revision of our alphabet should be attempted seriously, I suggest further the restoration of the letter **C**, admittedly unnecessary in a phonetic system, to its original force of "ch" in church, notwithstanding the possible technical objection that in such a system a double sound should not be represented by a single sign.

I am, etc.,

L. F. DIXON.

REVIEWS.

CAVOUR.

"The Life and Times of Cavour." By W. R. Thayer.
Vols. I. and II. London and New York: Constable.
1911. 31s. 6d. net.

MR. THAYER is already well known as a student of the Risorgimento and its heroes; he also succeeds in writing about that period without losing his head. The exploits of Garibaldi lend themselves to dithyramb. The far greater work of Cavour requires reasoned exposition, and in this, on the whole, the writer succeeds. The title "Life and Times" must by this time be gravely suspect. Too often it covers merely fraudulent misappropriation from memoirs with a view to spicy extracts. Mr. Thayer justifies his title by his work. He has read almost everything of importance that goes to throw light on the career of Cavour, and as a result has produced a useful book which fills a large gap in the English literature of the subject. His judgment on the various aspects of the struggle and the leading figures is generally more sane and enlightened than that of most Italian and some English writers; we can therefore forgive his somewhat diffuse style and unreasonably long extracts from speeches delivered by Cavour and others.

Cavour was the happy man who receives from fortune both the talent and the opportunities to produce astonishing results. He was gifted with marvellous capacity for work and the highest financial, diplomatic, and oratorical endowments; he was therefore equipped at every point for success as a statesman. But he was more than doubly fortunate in having a king to serve like Victor Emanuel, who was not only a man of great courage and singleness of purpose, but also had the sense to support his Ministers if he believed they were the men best calculated to do the work in hand, even though they might be personally unacceptable to him.

Cavour, as it has been well said, "avait toute la prudence et l'imprudence du véritable homme d'état". He admitted himself that anyone who did the things he had done for anything less than the cause he was championing would have been a rogue. But this is, of course, only to raise the old issue, never solved, between private and public morality. It is also much to the point that he was an aristocrat. The mere position of Minister in itself was nothing to him; still less the possession of a salary. He was a rich man apart from it, and with his financial capacity could and did easily make money. As Mr. Thayer points out, it was fortunate for Italy that her cause was represented before the European Cabinets by a man who could speak as an equal to the most aristocratic statesmen. In the Europe of those days especially this was a great advantage to the country he served; it created in those with whom he had to deal the confidence that comes from a common point of view.

His capacity as a statesman might have been gauged before he attained office. A remarkable article published in 1844 on the Irish question revealed an extraordinary clearness of vision, both in judging Pitt and also the methods by which the Union was brought about. This article was written in French, and, strangely enough, in spite of his keen patriotism, Cavour seems to have preferred the study of French authors to Italian. It has been stated that he only read Machiavelli and Guicciardini in the interval between two of his Ministerial appointments, but he educated himself on Guizot, de Broglie, and Chateaubriand. His mother was of the family of S. François de Sales. It is interesting to note how the bishop's keen and judicious mind was reproduced in this great collateral descendant.

Even in early days he took that sanguine but sane view of the possibilities of uniting Italy which afterwards enabled him to make the effort a success. "The time for conspiracies", he wrote, "is past. The emancipation of nations cannot be the result either of a plot or a surprise. The precious conquest of our nationality can only be obtained by uniting the action

of all the living forces of the country—that is to say, by the princes of the nation frankly supported by all parties. The sincere friends of the country should recognise that they can only co-operate for the true good of the fatherland by grouping themselves round those thrones which have deep roots in the national soil". There was only one throne in Italy which could properly be so described—that of Piedmont. Though this passage is not quoted by Mr. Thayer, he alludes to the paper in which it occurs, an essay on the construction of an Italian railway system, published, also in French, in 1846. This wise view of the only possible means of achieving success was conceived by Cavour when he was twenty-five, and was the guiding principle on which he worked out his policy. His policy would probably have been successful in the end even without Garibaldi and Mazzini. It would no doubt have taken much longer to carry out, but Cavour himself was absolutely a vital element in the unification of Italy, nor is it too much to say that when he clashed with Garibaldi and Mazzini he was always right.

The quarrel between Cavour and Garibaldi shortly before the death of the great statesman without doubt hastened his end. The self-restraint of Cavour as compared with the wild outbursts of his opponent in itself goes far to differentiate the fame of the two men. There may have been a certain lack of generosity on the part of the regular chiefs of the army in their treatment of the irregular levies which had followed Garibaldi to victory, but nothing could excuse the virulent and unjustifiable abuse their chief poured on Cavour. The effort to restrain himself in reply seems to have proved fatal, but his frame was no doubt already worn out by toil and anxiety. His magnanimity, however, thus stands contrasted for ever with the insatiable vanity of Garibaldi.

Cavour's last great stroke of policy delivered Garibaldi from an impossible situation. Had the Neapolitan army not been taken from behind, they would almost certainly have overwhelmed him in the end; but, in order to effect this, Cavour had to deal a blow which, it has been said, had never been equalled in turpitude since Frederick the Great invaded Silesia. Historians responsible for this criticism must have forgotten the Partitions of Poland; but certainly, looked at from the standpoint of ordinary morality, it was a felonious act, the sole excuse alleged being the refusal of the Pope to dismiss his foreign legions. The pretext, of course, was ridiculous, but as an act of statecraft it was superb, and proved completely successful. It may, no doubt, be called a gambler's throw. Austria might have intervened, and the Emperor of the French expressly forbade Cavour's coup. But he took the risk, and once again proved his prescience as well as his audacity. Surely nothing that Bismarck ever did equalled this cynical aggression. Yet England connived again and again at Cavour's most outrageous breaches of international good faith, while Bismarck's exploits, not a whit more contemptuous of the rights of others, have met with nothing but abuse. We are certainly a strange people, and it is not to be wondered at that we are unpopular in Germany. The Bismarckian view of this transaction is given by Treitschke: "Cavour raised himself to the highest degree of human morality by employing the most astute immorality to the construction of Italy. To warm one's hands at the smoking ruins of one's country while giving oneself the facile congratulation of never having lied is the virtue of a monk, and not of a man". Ollivier's view that it was a "shameless act of brigandage" may be set against this, as may also the careers of Bismarck and Cavour against his own.

Indeed, contrasted with Cavour, most of the contemporary statesmen look small enough, for Bismarck only became a Minister the year after Cavour's death. England by acquiescence and connivance undoubtedly did much to help on the unification of Italy, especially in its later stages; but there was nothing at all heroic in these manoeuvres of our statesmen, and, according to Mr. Thayer, Garibaldi's British Brigade was usually drunk. Napoleon III. cuts a poor figure beside the great

Italian. He had little foresight, or acted as if he had none. Into his more considerable exploits he was almost always driven or drawn by others. The war of 1859 was, so far as his own interests were concerned, an ill-considered adventure. It was certain that Prussia would never have permitted Austria to be beaten to her knees. We know now from the recent publication of Sir R. Morier's "Life" exactly the view taken of it at Berlin. Prussia would not fight to save the Italian provinces, but she would never allow the "left flank of the German position" to be endangered. Napoleon also had tried to win over Prussia beforehand by offers of aggrandisement in North Germany and failed. Cavour's extraordinary capacity for taking a sanguine view alone explains his fury and surprise at the Peace of Villafranca.

While Mr. Thayer's book is the fullest and best account in English of Cavour's career, it is often disfigured by slang, colloquialisms, and obsolete expressions. His criticisms of Italian politicians and the authors of the Risorgimento are usually fair, as we have already said, but he is often unfair to the Papal Government and the Church in general, and does not give the credit they deserve to the efforts in liberalism of the last Grand Duke of Tuscany. The first volume is often grotesquely hostile to British policy as it was when conducted by the Conservative party with the assent of the Queen and Prince Albert. So soon as Lords John Russell and Palmerston take it in hand and openly or surreptitiously assist the hero's exploits they have nothing but praise. This is not sound historical criticism; it is mere partisanship.

RESCUED LITERATURE.

"The Soul of London: a Survey of a Modern City."

By Ford Madox Hueffer. London: Duckworth. 1911. 2s. 6d.

A NOTICE on the cover of this book describes the volumes in the series to which it belongs as works "of individual merit and permanent value". That does not leave much for the critic to say. Individual merit we may readily allow, but permanent value is a bold quality to claim for any work, and perhaps could not justly be claimed for any one of the five-and-twenty volumes that have already appeared in this "Reader's Library". But with that reservation we may readily admit the merit of most of the works in the series, and we congratulate the publishers on their plucky attempt to revive and introduce to a larger public works which have been originally well received, have won an honourable reputation, but some of which have little chance of surviving in the struggle for life in bookstalls and libraries. Some of the best books our time produces are offered for sale only for a month or two in the bookshops, owing to the publisher's bad habit of disposing of them in the remainder market in order to make room for new books and enable him to turn over his capital. The "Reader's Library" is an attempt to rescue the best of such works and issue them in a simple and inexpensive and serious form, and give them time and opportunity to reach people who will appreciate them. We can predict success for this enterprise only on three conditions: first, that the publishers will carefully uphold the high standard which they have set themselves; secondly, that they will not allow any books in the series to drop out of print; and thirdly, that they will continue the enterprise long enough for the public to discover its existence and learn to go to the "Reader's Library" for good examples of contemporary literature.

In "The Soul of London" Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer has tried to write a book of the most difficult kind—to present in a couple of hundred pages an impression of the physical, moral and spiritual aspect of the thing that is meant by the word "London". He has not succeeded entirely, but he has succeeded partly, and the shortcomings of his book are very much mitigated by the serious work that he has put into its pages and

by the modesty of his own attitude. The chapter on "Work in London" will disappoint those who want statistics and social theories, but in its brief compass it nevertheless gives the reader a more actual idea of existing conditions than is contained in many a ponderous tome crowded with facts and figures. The chapter on "London at Leisure" is saved from dullness by a certain subtlety of insight into the philosophy of London society. The author is at his best when he searches, even a little obscurely, after a simple and accurate presentation of his ideas; he is at his worst in generalisations and definitions—as, for example: "London is a great, slipshod, easy-going, good-humoured magnet". That is both bad writing and commonplace thought, but it is only fair to say that neither of these qualities is characteristic of the book. We quote the sentence as an exception to and not as an example of what is, on the whole, a thoughtful and earnest piece of work.

THE ART OF THE THREE EMPERORS.

"Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones." By Edgar Goré and J. F. Blacker. 2 vols. London: Quaritch. 1911. 10 guineas net.

NO writer on Chinese porcelain has yet invented a convenient name for the brilliant and prolific period covered by the reigns of the three emperors K'ang Hsi, Yung Ch'eng and Ch'ien Lung and extending from 1662 to 1795 of our era. The Chinese would call it without more ado the K'ang-Yung-Ch'ien period, for, though they admit its excellence, they would reserve the Chinese equivalents of Classic or Augustan age of porcelain for the Sung and Ming dynasties which together extend back to the tenth century. For us, however, the knowledge and appreciation of the early wares are of very recent date, though both have grown apace in the last three years, and the majority of Western connoisseurs still regard the age of the three emperors as supreme in ceramics. The Salting collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum is a concrete expression of this idea, and the authors of these two handsome volumes are evidently enthusiastic followers of the same school of thought. Indeed their book is a beautiful album of masterpieces almost wholly belonging to this limited period and rendered in colour with a success which will surprise anyone familiar with the limitations of colour reproduction.

Though the three reigns form a distinctive era in Chinese ceramic history, prefaced by an artistically barren generation of dynastic struggles and stopping short of the artistic decadence of the nineteenth century, it is not to be supposed that their productions are marked by uniformity of style. All three emperors were keenly interested in the arts, which passed through many stages of development under their fostering care. By a decree in 1680 the Emperor K'ang Hsi established no fewer than twenty-seven factories for the various handicrafts under the Board of Works at Peking, and he was ably represented in the porcelain town of Ching-t'ê-chên by the celebrated Viceroy Lang T'ing-tso, from whom the name lang yao came to be applied to the beautiful ox-blood red (sang de bœuf) and apple-green glazes perfected in the early years of this reign. Yung Ch'eng, who succeeded to the throne in 1722, had taken a personal interest in the porcelain factories while heir-apparent, and afterwards sent choice examples of old Sung porcelains from his palace to serve as models for the potters. Hence the brilliant revival of single-coloured porcelains during his reign. His successor, Ch'ien Lung, who ascended the throne in 1735, evinced an equally great personal interest in the ceramic industry. He composed odes to be inscribed on porcelain, and he commanded the distinguished director of the imperial porcelain factories, T'ang Ying-hsien, to furnish him with an accurate description of the manufacture as illustrated by twenty pictures which he had sent for the purpose. These descriptions are incorporated in the two Chinese books which have been rendered in French and English by Stanislas Julien and

Dr. Bushell, and supply much interesting information. The salient features of the porcelain during the three reigns may be briefly enumerated. The K'ang Hsi period is specially noted for its blue and white, for two large groups of polychrome painted porcelain—that enamelled on the biscuit and that enamelled on the glaze in transparent famille verte colours, and for sang de bœuf, apple-green and peach-bloom glazes. The Yung Chêng is the period of transition from the famille verte colours in painted porcelain to the opaque tints of the famille rose, and it is also celebrated for single-coloured and cracked glazes of all kinds. In the long reign of Ch'ien Lung the famille rose palette was definitely established, perfect mastery of material was displayed in the exact imitation of such alien substances as jade, grained wood, red lacquer, bronze, iron and rhinoceros horn, and the porcelain displays the most perfect finish and manipulative skill. Broadly speaking, the decoration of the K'ang Hsi period is bold in colouring and design, and is still instinct with the spirit of the Ming potters, while the colouring of the later reigns favours soft broken tints and the painting is minute and elaborate but somewhat wanting in decorative force.

Full justice is done in Messrs. Gorner and Blacker's illustrations to the magnificent K'ang Hsi wares, particularly to those in which the colours—chiefly green, yellow, purple and black—are applied direct to the body of the ware—the porcelain “enamelled on the biscuit”. These include the tall vases with lovely “hawthorn” designs reserved in sumptuous black, green or yellow grounds, the most prized of all porcelains, besides a large series of finely modelled figures, divine, human and animal. That this class of decoration no less than the blue and white and on-glaze enamels originated in the Ming period is unquestionable, but there is no possible justification for the promiscuous use which the authors have made of the word Ming in this connexion. It has no sanction save that of auction catalogues, and if there is any truth in the well-supported theory that the beautiful enamel blue of the famille verte porcelain was almost unknown before the K'ang Hsi period, then the attribution of plates 1, 3, 4, 7 and 8 to the Ming period, to take the black-ground vases only, cannot be upheld, and of course the analogous pieces with green and yellow grounds go with them. Add to this the forms of the vases and the mature style of their beautiful decoration which are both typically K'ang Hsi, and the considered opinion of such weighty scholars as the late Dr. Bushell, and we have a powerful case to oppose to the mere ex cathedra statements which appear on page 17 of the Introduction.

The remaining examples of the brilliant K'ang Hsi period include the finest imaginable famille verte, exquisite blue and white, powder-blue with enamelled panels, and sang de bœuf and peach-bloom reds of the highest quality; while to the succeeding reigns belong the gorgeous mille-fleurs sets, the delicate egg-shell vases and the dainty ruby-backed plates. Such are the representatives of the art of the three emperors, well selected and admirably rendered in colours on 229 plates, to which are added twenty-five illustrations of carved jade and hard stones. Together they form a valuable album of reference which lovers of Chinese porcelain will rejoice to possess.

The text, which is given in French and English, consists of a short Introduction and full descriptions attached to each plate. It is clear that the description of such an important collection would require profound and accurate knowledge to do it justice. Unfortunately, the text shows neither. There is, it is true, a considerable display of Chinese lore gathered from such excellent handbooks as Bushell's “Chinese Art” (for which, by the way, we seek in vain any formal acknowledgment), but it is imperfectly assimilated and too often inaccurately reproduced. The capacity of the writers for explaining technical matters may be gauged from the following: “The resources of the muffle kiln were utilised during this period, for in it were fixed the enamels applied as coloured grounds or in the decoration upon ‘the biscuit’, which, with the blue decoration under the glaze, had

previously undergone the fiercer firing of the grand feu”—a bewildering tangle of two, if not three, distinct processes which appears on page 17 of the Introduction; and again (plate 195) “decorated with coloured enamels in glazes of the old period”. But these are trifles beside the sheer impossibility of decorating porcelain “in warm tones of Chinese ink” under aubergine and other enamels (plate 37) or of firing “rouge de fer under the glaze” (plate 199). Special attention is rightly paid to the meaning of Chinese motives and emblems, but the explanations of these are so often incorrect that the descriptions cannot be trusted, much less “regarded as educational”, a virtue which the circular issued with the book modestly claims for them. To give a few instances, the symbols on plate 45 are not “Buddhist symbols” but the Eight Precious Things, and the isolated horses which charge over sea waves on plate 37 have no connexion with the famous eight horses of Mu Wang. The conventional lions, sometimes called dogs of Fo because they guard the entrance to temples of Buddha (Fo), supply one of the commonest motives in Chinese art: yet they are described on plate 83 as “kilins or dogs of Fu” (sic), though the lion and the kilin have nothing in common except their tails. A true kilin appears on plate 158, only to be called a “lung ma or dragon-headed horse”. One would not perhaps look for uniform spelling of Chinese words in work of this kind, but such errors as tsü in place of tzü (porcelain) throughout the Introduction are inexcusable, in view of the total difference in meaning of the two words. Again the marks, whatever personal opinion the writers may hold of their value, are a part of the ware which has no little interest for connoisseurs, and no scientific catalogue is complete if it ignores them as the authors have elected to do. In brief, those who expend ten guineas on “Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones” will do well to discount the “educational” value of the text, and to be content with the full measure and running over which they receive in the brilliant illustrations of the art of the three emperors.

“PRIMO AVOLSO NON DEFICIT ALTER AUREUS.”

“The Golden Bough.” By J. G. Frazer. 3rd Edition. Parts I., II. and III. London: Macmillan. 1911. 40s. net.

WE have here the first three parts of what will probably be the definitive edition of this great work; they deal with Magic and the Kingship, Taboo and the Soul, and with the killing of the Divine King. The original plan and treatment remain essentially the same; but sections in the earlier editions now become chapters; and chapters are grown into volumes. More than ever we take from the reading an overwhelming impression of careful toil and scrupulous scholarship, the match for which is not often to be found. Whatever may be said of the method or interpretation used, the immense array of evidence in its orderly presentation will always remain as so much ground won, and a secure starting-point for the fresh workers that will come in the future. This evidence is as much beyond criticism as evidence in anthropology can ever be. It is upon the interpretation given to the facts that criticism must be directed; or, what comes to the same thing, upon the framework into which the facts are fitted.

Now, here we meet a first objection. Dr. Frazer starts with a psychological attitude which is not wholly that of the historian and scientist. At the very beginning of the work we find him speaking of the “crimes” once perpetrated at the Lake of Nemi, meaning thereby the slaying of the priest; and he is constantly writing of the “superstitions” of the lower cultures. It is true that objectivity is an ideal which can never be reached in historical science; but none the less such rough-hewn terms as these are certainly out of place in a history of human thought. They do but express the judgment passed by a generation which at

the hands of a later age will itself receive no greater consideration. What we call superstitions were once unquestioned truths; and if we are to understand the thought of bygone ages we shall fail in the measure that we pick out certain aspects in this way for our disapproval. The history of human thought is but an account of what has been held as true, a description of the changing lights of the torch of knowledge. Ethical judgments must be kept apart.

Dr. Frazer uses the comparative method; he belongs to what is known abroad as the "English" school. The characteristic of this school is the use of a mass of evidence in support of its views taken from all parts of the world, and subjected to but little preliminary examination. As has been remarked, it ranges not from Dan to Beersheba, but from China to Peru. The inherent defects in this method are to be seen in Dr. Frazer's works. The items of evidence have not been examined in connexion with the context from which they were taken; there is no certainty that they are apprehended in their true nature; at the most there is but a rough approximation made to their real meaning; their value remains uncertain. Facts which outwardly seem to fit into the framework may be found on fuller inquiry to have wholly other underlying motives. Now this defect does not belong to Dr. Frazer personally. It lies in the very extent of the ground covered in such a general treatment—a ground which no one man could ever have covered better than he has done. The general comparative treatment of the complicated phenomena in social psychology is far more difficult even than in zoology, botany, and so forth. All this has led, especially on the Continent, to a strong reaction against the so-called "English" school. Yet its methods are not to be set aside as worthless. They are necessary and invaluable as giving us clues and revealing facts which would never emerge without being brought to our attention by the gathering together of an immense range of observations.

It is the task of those who come after to investigate more minutely, revising or correcting the first interpretations made by those who, after all, are the pioneers and have made the first roads. Dr. Frazer is one of these pioneers. A special mention must be made of the detailed description from Dr. Seligmann in Part III. of the custom of killing a king who is looked on as the incarnation of a god. This was in existence quite lately among the Shilluk on the White Nile, if indeed it has yet disappeared. The practice and its underlying theory fit in wonderfully well with Dr. Frazer's explanation of the killing of the priest at Nemi. Dr. Frazer approaches his problems from the standpoint of the classical scholar. The first of the two volumes before us seeks to explain the problem of the Arician priesthood, and that only; but the evidence used to explain the points which arise is taken from all over the world. The result is to a great extent that we are bidden to read the general history of human religion in terms of Greco-Latin ideas. In somewhat the same way, when taboo in general is dealt with in the second part, the treatment is bound to suffer, owing to the variety and complexity of the ideas involved being disguised by the use of such a general term as taboo, applied indiscriminately to varying grades and kinds of culture.

With Dr. Frazer's view of an age of magic preceding an age of religion, just as the Stone Age preceded the Iron Age, we cannot agree. It is a question which has little direct evidence one way or the other; certainly the fact that we find the gods of Egypt and Polynesia using magic against one another proves nothing. Anyhow, on a priori grounds we cannot but assume one particular form of religion—the worship of the dead—to be fully as "natural" or "primitive" as any system of magic. The whole question is one of those border problems in anthropology which probably can never be finally settled. Moreover, any attempt to fit what data we have into a rigid series through which all mankind alike must have passed is profitless and unscientific. Mankind is infinitely varied.

THE REAL BULWARK OF THE WEST.

"The Byzantine Empire." By Edward Foord. London: Black. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS book is apparently the fifth of a series of popular histories, with this difference from its predecessors: whilst they deal with single subjects like the Pharaohs or the sea-kings of Crete, Mr. Foord attempts the much more difficult task of writing a history of the Byzantine Empire from Constantine the Great to the fall of Constantinople. In every respect this is about as difficult history to write as could be. It is common ground of the East and the West. Somewhere within it, no one shall say the exact point, ancient history ends and the Middle Ages begin. To do it full justice its historian must also be a theologian. A knowledge of the languages of the East is as necessary as classical scholarship. What wonder, then, that few have attempted the task, and still fewer have succeeded?

There is Gibbon, of course, but Gibbon not at his best, Gibbon growing tired of his work, with neither the material nor the sympathy for success. With Finlay there is no lack of knowledge or interest, and if the value of his work is not more widely appreciated, it is due to our neglect, not his deficiencies. Lastly, there is Professor Bury, ready to fill the gap in our history schools, and possibly destined to succeed, though some of his later work makes us a little doubtful. It is a great pity the late Mr. Thomas Archer did not undertake this work. He was well equipped for it. As it is, if Byzantine history were dependent on English writers, there would be little to read and less worth reading. Fortunately Paris has come to the rescue, and thanks to M. Diehl and M. Schlumberger—and shall we add Sardou?—there is there a veritable cult of Byzantine history with an ever-increasing number of adherents.

Mr. Foord, then, is a bold man to start across the English desert. Somehow or other he has got across it and quickly, for in four hundred pages he has traversed a thousand years. How far he has succeeded in his journey it is difficult to say. There are not many people who are able or anxious to read summaries of long periods of history. Big print and many photographs will carry off a popular biography; they do not make a chronicle of a thousand years easy reading.

Mr. Foord starts badly. He boasts in his preface that "little space has been wasted on ecclesiastical controversies". The uncritical reader will no doubt approve of this apparent liberal-mindedness. The uncritical reader will be wrong. Ecclesiastical and theological controversies are at the back of almost every great movement in the history of the later Empire. Some time ago M. Diehl lucidly explained this curious feature of Byzantine life. In an empire that was far too heterogeneous to allow any sentiment of national unity, and so autocratically governed as to prevent any corporate political life, orthodoxy took the place of nationality, and religious controversy became the chief outlet for public opinion. Ecclesiastical controversy, therefore, fills a most important place in Byzantine history. Of the truth of this generalisation there are several conspicuous examples. In the Nika riots that nearly destroyed Justinian and brought Theodora to the front, the discussion of terms between the Imperial envoy and the people's leader was worthy of a seventeenth-century Anglican divine debating with a Jesuit. Even Justinian's foreign policy took a theological form. On the one side, there was Persia gradually encroaching upon Imperial provinces that were monophysite and not orthodox, on the other, Italy, orthodox and anti-monophysite. Concessions to the Eastern monophysites meant the estrangement of the West, and the loss of the prestige that came from the possession of Italy and the support of the Papacy. How Justinian steered a middle course through these difficult straits is one of the chief interests of his reign; yet it is scarcely mentioned by Mr. Foord. Even more remarkable was the ecclesiastical atmosphere of the eighth century. Leo

the Isaurian came from the same Eastern provinces where monophysitism, always strong, had been further transformed and strengthened by the new power of Mohammedism. The principles of Iconoclasm were the expression of Eastern independence of Rome and the West. Mr. Foord sees in it little more than a Protestant outbreak against mariolatry and the worship of images.

But where we hope he has succeeded is in showing that Byzantine history is not the unventilated hot-house that most people imagine. There are few greater efforts in all history than the struggle of the later Empire with the Persians and Mohammedans in Asia, and the Avars and Bulgarians in Europe. With unbroken regularity a great man appeared in a great emergency. Justinian, Heraclius, Leo, Nicephorus Phocas, Basil the Great, every one in his turn did work without which European civilisation must have been destroyed. Nowhere, again, is there a wider variety of conspicuous women, from Theodora, the dancing girl, to Anna Comnena, the historian. Yet, whilst the sordid crimes of the Merovingians fill many pages in history books, the intrigues and tragedies of the Byzantine court, further reaching in their effect, more dramatic in their staging, in every way worthier of description, have been neglected. For one reader who knows something of the great men and women of the Eastern Empire, there are a hundred familiar with the lives of lesser men and women in the West. Byzantine history is a mine of unworked ore. No doubt some day its wealth will be discovered. As it is, we must be grateful to anyone who pegs out a claim. If Mr. Foord has only worked the surface, he has at least done this much: he has drawn the attention of many who know nothing of Byzantine history to the empire that for a thousand years was the bulwark of Western civilisation, and the bridge between Imperial Rome and mediæval Europe.

NOVELS.

"Maids' Money." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: Heinemann. 1911. 6s.

Some brilliant character sketches are sufficient to make "Maids' Money" one of the most interesting novels which we have read of late. In the beginning we read of two women who jointly inherit a property on condition that neither of them marries, and both these maids of forty are finely portrayed. Sarah, the life-hungry creature, who has fretted herself away as a "companion" in suburban households, commands all our interest and sympathy, but the placid Amy, who has always been in the homes of the "best people" as a governess, is equally well imagined. The wealth which comes to them in the afternoon of their lives brings suitors in its train, and each receives hers in her own way. Sarah welcomes her man as a hero of romance and as the holder of the key of the door so long locked against her; he is to show her the difference between being a female wage-earner and a woman. Amy's heart only fills with pride because she is spared the indignity of finishing her days with her hand unasked. Of course the tragedy of the situation is that their fortune has come too late, and the men who lay siege to their hearts are attracted by their well-lined pockets. One of the lovers is a pitiful creature, with an inventive genius cramped by lack of coin, and the other is but a blatant adventurer. Disillusionment must have come soon to Sarah at least, whilst troubles of the heart must always have been of less account than troubles of the stomach where Amy was concerned. These things being so, it seems needless to drag in the absurd will, which the law, with its notorious bias in favour of the married state, would surely have overridden. The author has, however, made her own use of the document, and, legal technicalities apart, the story is full of strength.

"Flemington." By Violet Jacob. London: Murray. 1911. 6s.

It is an achievement for anyone to make romance interesting without the help of a woman, and the

achievement is more remarkable when a woman does it. There is a woman in "Flemington", but she is a grandmother, and though she does have to endure a proposal of marriage, the incident is not devised to stir the pulse. It is something of an achievement also to use so worn a theme as the conflict of Jacobite and Whig in the Scotland of the Young Pretender, and leave the reader unmoved by a desire to wish himself somewhere else, the more so since the material is very slight, and its effect depends entirely on the charm of a single scene, in which a plain honest soldier impresses the force of his personality upon a spy—who is, as well, a very gallant gentleman—to such purpose that the spy ends his life as gallantly as he lived it, in front of the levelled muskets of the cause he served. The earlier chapters of the book could scarcely be bettered; the style gives the sense of period without any slavish accuracy of speech. Flemington comes upon the scene, a most attractive figure, and himself and his first adventures are described with an arresting vividness and delicacy of touch which go far to cover a slackening of the pace and a perplexity of narration as the book proceeds. There are points in the capture of the "Venture" which are not rendered comprehensible, and much in Flemington's procedure which betrays the lack of practical acquaintance with the necessities of adventure. Despite these, however, the story holds us to the finish, even when the disheartening character of that finish begins to appear, and we are left, contrary to the book's earlier promise of brightness, with a futile tragedy on our hands and in our memories.

THE JANUARY REVIEWS.

For a broad, non-technical treatment of the National Insurance Act we must refer this month to the article of Auditor Tantom in the "Fortnightly". This writer accepts the two cardinal principles of the Act: "Any national scheme of insurance against sickness must be both compulsory and contributory. Of that there can be no reasonable doubt. It has been proved to demonstration that of the nine or ten million uninsured persons, who are now to be drawn into the national insurance scheme, together with the six millions, who already make some provision, often defective, against sickness, a large proportion could not come in without generous assistance or would not come in without compulsion. A compulsory contributory scheme is, in fact, the only practical solution. A non-contributory scheme would cost the State untold millions and effectually pauperise the community." Accepting the Government's measure in principle, Auditor Tantom severely criticises their conduct of the bill through the House of Commons. The bill, he contends, was hustled through to be out of the way of the Nationalists next session, and that its unpopularity might have time to die down in the working before next general election. But this writer's criticisms are not only directed against the Government. He finds fault with the Opposition Front Bench for lack of spirit and neglect of their duties in failing to master the bill during its passage. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, he says, "had not got up the Bill"; he "wisely let it alone, and only took a hand when the occasion demanded heat rather than light Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, again, who might very well have lent Mr. Forster powerful assistance, delivered one night a loose rambling attack on the Chancellor, but was so severely mauled and savaged on the following day that he did not repeat the performance. . . . As for the rest of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench, they eschewed the Bill and took their ease. Perhaps they are saving themselves for next session!" Mr. Bonar Law, he it noted, is honourably excluded by this extremely critical writer from the general charge of slackness levelled at the Opposition Front Bench. Other articles on the Insurance Act are contributed to the "Fortnightly" by Mr. T. A. Ingram, and to the "Contemporary" by Mr. Percy Alden. These articles are less political than the one we have quoted. They should be read more closely; we cannot summarise the arguments here.

Of the Home Rule articles perhaps the most important is contributed to the "Nineteenth Century" by Lord MacDonnell of Swinford. On the subject of fiscal autonomy he writes: "The grant of fiscal autonomy to Ireland might be 'good business' for the time, as saving Great Britain from loss, and enabling Ireland to lead what her people are said to want—the Simple Life. But in the long run it would not be to the advantage of either country. . . . That will be the best Ireland for you and for the Empire which secures to you the management of Ireland's domestic affairs within

the Empire, with funds adequate to Ireland's needs, and growing with the Empire's prosperity. This can only be done by maintaining one uniform financial system for the United Kingdom, under which capital will rest secure, and commerce will be safe from novel experiments." For a rather different outlook the reader will turn to Professor Kettle, writing on "The Financial Aspect of Home Rule" in the "English Review". Fiscal autonomy is for Professor Kettle "the goal towards which we must work . . . subject probably to a mutual agreement conserving Free Trade between Great Britain and Ireland". Home Rule on the political and religious side is vigorously dealt with by Mr. Cope Cornford in the "National".

One of the most important articles of the month is Sir Andrew Fraser's criticism of the Durbar reforms in India. Sir Andrew is altogether favourable to the removal of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi: "There is no place in India more out of touch with Indian sentiment than Calcutta. It has interests and views entirely its own, and does not understand the sentiment of the interior. However important the interests and views of Calcutta may be—and they are undoubtedly important—they are not the interests and sentiments of India." Moreover, Delhi is the best selection possible, once the necessity of a change is admitted. As to the revision of the arrangements for Bengal as determined by Lord Curzon's "partition" Sir Andrew is careful to point out that the new reforms are not intended merely to undo what was done by a former Viceroy. They are not "due simply to a weak desire to avoid the difficulties arising from the opposition of a section of the community". They are, on the contrary, due to an actual change of circumstances in the area affected by Lord Curzon's partition. The partition, says Sir Andrew Fraser, "appears to have been revised and, indeed, entirely set aside. It must be borne in mind, however, that the primary and principal object of Lord Curzon's scheme was to reduce the area of the province of Bengal to a manageable size. The present scheme also secures this object, though in another way. The second object of the old scheme was to raise the area of the Assam province, so that it might have a self-contained and effective Administration. Now in regard to this matter the Government of India hold that circumstances have entirely changed and that reconsideration has become necessary". On the whole the scheme appears to the writer to be "the result of a statesmanlike effort to grapple with big questions".

In an article contributed to the "National Review" Mr. Philip Snowden writes of "The Railway Unrest". His article is a heavy indictment of the men's official leaders, who, he urges, are unable either to control the men or to act courageously and firmly in their interests. The failure of the men to gain recognition from the strike of August last is "due mainly to the lack of any definite and consistent policy on the part of the leaders. They sanctioned the strike last August because they were too weak to control the men. They surrendered in twenty-four hours because they were not strong enough to resist the influence of politicians". Later they accepted the Commission's Report without having the men's authority for an agreement. Mr. Snowden holds that conduct of this kind partly exonerates the rank and file for refusing to accept an agreement made in their name.

In the "Fortnightly Review" Mr. Sidney Low traces an increasing independence in the Foreign Office of parliamentary control. Neither the people nor Parliament has the least weight in the determination of foreign policy. Mr. Low returns to his old proposal of a Foreign Affairs Committee to advise the Foreign Secretary and keep his Office in touch with public opinion.

Sir Frank Lascelles in the "Contemporary Review" has some thoughts on the Anglo-German problem which anticipate more friendly relations based upon the principle of Reciprocity and letting bygones be bygones. In the same review Mr. H. F. B. Lynch tells us that if the calamity of the entrance of Russian troops into Teheran should occur it will be the direct outcome of the Anglo-Russian agreement which Sir Edward Grey concluded two years after Japan had pricked the bubble of Russian military prestige. Sir H. H. Johnston in the "Nineteenth Century", in throwing out some suggestions for satisfying German ambitions in the Mediterranean, refers to Persia and incidentally "the stupid way in which the Russian sphere in Persia was arranged". "Strategist", writing in the "National" with an eye on the late crisis, says we could afford to assist allies on the Continent with troops so long as our predominance on the water is not jeopardised: the Navy in these days would be a most effective auxiliary if all went well on land. Command of the sea is a means to an end, not the end in itself.

Of the literary articles this month undoubtedly the most striking is M. Ernest Dimnet's estimate of Maeterlinck as philosopher contributed to the "Nineteenth Century". Maeterlinck's devoutest readers will perhaps be persuaded

to ask themselves a few vigorous and pertinent questions. Those who have more than suspected Maeterlinck, the philosophic author of "Le Trésor des Humbles", of being no more sincerely a sage than many another young literary essayist with an agreeable style and a pleasantly meditative vein of writing will find their suspicions plainly set down by M. Dimnet in very straightforward English. We entirely agree that Maeterlinck's "Vie des Abeilles" is worth infinitely more than any of his soi-disant philosophy. Articles less provocative are Mr. Basil de Selincourt's study of Ruskin in the "Contemporary", Mrs. Sturge Gretton's "Mr. Henry James and his Prefaces", also in the "Contemporary", and Mr. Henry Newbolt's "A New Study of English Poetry" in the "English Review". This Review, by the way, comes down to a shilling this month with a flourish by Mr. Austin Harrison proclaiming how hopefully he stoops to conquer.

Just now, when the proposed union of the motor-omnibus and electric-train service in London is the subject of so much interest, Mr. Arnold Wright's article in the "Financial Review of Reviews" on London traffic problems is opportune. Direct through communication from any one part of Greater London to another with a series of circular lines seems to sum up Mr. Wright's scheme. Centralisation, uniformity, and the severance of main-line from local interests is a big programme, but Mr. Wright does not regard the financial difficulty as insuperable.

"The Conservative and Unionist" for January 1912 is a presentment of the hard facts and the humour of the political situation. An effective cartoon shows the "Great December Wave" of public opinion overwhelming Mr. Lloyd George, and an excellent portrait of Mr. Bonar Law is given as a supplement.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1er Janvier.

M. Levy contributes to this number one of those fascinating studies in statistics and finance of which he is among the few who possess the secret. He deals with the two financial crises which took place in 1907 and 1911. The first he defines as an economic crisis pure and simple, but violent and complete; that of last year was due to panic caused by apprehensions of war. However, the shrinkage of capital in Europe last year was much less than that in the United States four years before. Apart from war scares, M. Levy thinks there would have been a heavy fall on European Exchanges last autumn, due to the great rise in prices, which obliged an army of small investors to spend in the maintenance of themselves and their families money which they would have otherwise spent in investments.

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DOLOK RUBBER ESTATES.

DIVIDEND ON FIRST YEAR'S WORKING.

THE first ordinary general meeting of the Dolok Rubber Estates, Ltd., was held on December 29, Mr. Walter Norfolk (the Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. P. Smith) having read the usual notices,

The Chairman said: The expenditure on capital account represents the amount allocated to new plantations. One thousand one hundred and thirteen acres have been planted up with Hevea and Robusta, which, inclusive of administration charges, works out at £11 per acre, and your estates now comprise 2253 acres planted up with Hevea and containing 185,204 trees; 1140 acres with 306,000 Liberian trees, and 113 acres with 478,590 Robusta coffee. There are also on the estate 6694 Ficus Elastica trees and 5000 cocoanut trees. There has been harvested, as you will notice in the report, 5106 cwt. of coffee and 4000 lb. of rubber. This amount of rubber is under the estimate in the prospectus, and less than was referred to in the circular letter of March 1. This shortage is not due, however, to the condition of the trees, which was entirely satisfactory, but to the fact that the coffee crop so largely engaged the staff with harvesting it and carrying out the planting programme that it was impossible at the same time to utilise the skilled labour in the tapping, and, as you will have gathered from the report, there have been some difficulties in connection with the labour problem, which, however, have been overcome. The estate is fully manned, and there is now nothing to stand in the way of the planted area being taken full advantage of and of the efficient upkeep of the new plantations, together with steady progress in carrying out the programme arranged. You will notice in the report a reference to a reduction in the number of your directors, and, so far as Messrs. Van der Streenstraten and Schouten are concerned, it is not intended to fill their places, which were vacated through their absence from meetings for a period in excess of that provided for in the articles of association. But the board consider that they are fortunate in having been able to induce Mr. Sulger to accept a seat on the board in view of his long and intimate knowledge of the estates. His special technical knowledge will be of the greatest possible assistance in controlling the estate from this side and insuring its successful development on the best lines and at the lowest possible cost. I congratulate the shareholders on Mr. Sulger having accepted this position, and I shall later ask you to confirm his election. These alterations in the directorate will result in a net saving on London administration of £300 per annum. I do not propose to enter into the realms of prophecy with regard to the results for the current season, as I do not consider it advisable in view of the uncertain conditions which always rule where a large coffee plantation has to be dealt with, particularly as we have no detailed estimates at the present moment. We have already reported in the papers that we have sold a considerable quantity of rubber and coffee, the latter of which we have been able to sell at record prices. Dolok Liberian coffee stands very well in the market, and I think we shall have a ready sale for it above the ruling prices. The prospects and position of the estates are satisfactory, and details of further shipments and sales will be chronicled in the papers as in the past. In view of the very satisfactory coffee plantations which we already have I am sure you will be very interested to know that we are just planting up a further 70,000 Liberian coffee plants which we have in our nurseries and which will in due course be an additional source of revenue to this company. The tapping of the rubber trees, which, for the reasons I have already given you, have been somewhat neglected, is now being proceeded with energetically, and we look forward with every confidence to satisfactory results from the tapping of those trees. I now beg to move: "That the report and accounts as issued to the shareholders and laid before this meeting be, and are hereby, received and adopted."

Sir William Hudson seconded the motion. Replying to questions asked by Mr. Lainey, Captain Shannon, and other shareholders, the Chairman said that, although the area under cultivation was slightly less than that stated in the prospectus, the number of trees on their estate was quite up to the number stated in that document. The shortage in the amount of rubber obtained was due to the fact that they had not sufficient labour to carry on the harvesting. The revenue from the cocoanut trees was as stated in the prospectus, but had not been credited in the accounts, because it had been sold to the natives on the spot. With regard to the profits, although they had not quite reached the amount hoped for, they had very nearly reached the estimate, and he was of opinion that the prospects of the company were second to none in Sumatra.

The resolution was carried unanimously. The Chairman then proposed, "That a final dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended June 30, 1911, making, with the interim dividend paid in December last, 5 per cent. for the period covered by the present account, be, and is hereby, ordered to be paid as recommended by the directors."

This was seconded by Mr. Sulger and carried unanimously. Mr. Elmes proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors.

The resolution was seconded and carried, and the Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment.

THE RUBBER WORLD.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

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The Stock is secured by Trust Deeds, and the charge thereby created is subject to the charge in favour of the 4 per Cent. First Debenture Stock already issued or which may hereafter be issued under the power reserved to the Company as mentioned below. The Company is entitled and reserves the right to create and issue (in addition to the existing Second Debenture Stock to £2,000,000, and to the present issue for £1,000,000) further 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock for £2,000,000, and a further amount of 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock at the rate of £4,000 per mile of additional line hereafter acquired by the Company, or of new line for the time being constructed, or in course of construction, or about to be constructed (including the extra track taken at £4,000 a mile where existing lines are doubled) in excess of the mileage belonging to the Company in operation on the 9 March 1911. All such further Second Debenture Stock to rank in all respects *pari passu* with the £2,000,000 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock already issued and the present issue.

The whole or any part of the Stock is redeemable at the Company's option at any time after 1 April 1930, at 110 per cent., on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders. The Stock is guaranteed both as to principal and interest by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited.

The Company is entitled and reserves the right to create further First Debenture Stock, carrying interest at 4 per cent. per annum and ranking in all respects *pari passu* with the above-mentioned £2,450,000 First Debenture Stock, for an amount at the rate of £4,000 per mile of new line of the Company for the time being constructed, or in course of construction, or about to be constructed in excess of the mileage belonging to the Company on 10 June 1904, less £1,750,000 First Debenture Stock already issued since that date in respect of new line.

Bearer Scrip will be issued, after allotment, to be exchanged for registered Debenture Stock Certificates after 27 March 1912, the Stock being transferable in amounts not involving a fraction of £1.

The interest is payable by warrant to the Registered Holders of the Stock on 1 April and 1 October in each year. The first payment of interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, calculated upon the instalments as due, will be made on 1 April 1912 on presentation of the coupon attached to the Bearer Scrip.

Payment in full on allotment, and on 26 February, can be made under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

THE DIRECTORS OF THE BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, have authorised THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, and MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, as Bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £1,000,000 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock of the Company, ranking *pari passu* with the existing issue of £2,000,000.

In addition to the 783 miles of broad gauge 5-ft. 6-in. railway in the Argentine Republic, serving a district in the south and to the west of the Province of Buenos Ayres, the Company has upwards of 74 miles of branch lines under construction. The line is operated by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, which is entitled to the gross receipts of the undertaking in consideration of a guarantee of this Company's present and future Debenture Stocks and dividends on its Guaranteed Stocks and Shares.

The net receipts of the whole system worked by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, for the last six years are shown by the following table:—

	1905-1906	1906-1907	1907-1908	1908-1909	1909-1910	1910-1911
Gross Receipts	£2,347,943	£3,663,547	£3,665,771	£4,134,487	£4,294,432	£4,280,841
Working Exp's	1,408,206	1,892,542	2,300,122	2,673,943	2,465,253	2,106,656
Net Receipts	961,737	1,171,005	1,364,990	1,558,544	1,829,179	2,014,185

Since 30 June last the estimated gross receipts of the whole system for the 26 weeks ended 30 ultimo are £2,191,397, against £2,152,002, an increase of £39,395.

The balance of Revenue of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, for the year ended 30 June last, after meeting all Debenture Stock interest and Guaranteed Charges, was £261,415. The annual sum required to meet the interest on the present issue, when fully paid, is £45,000.

Since 1 July 1904 this Company's Railway has been worked by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited. New lines have been constructed, serving a region well adapted for wheat cultivation, which is now being further developed by the building of small feeder branches, while a line is being built in a southerly direction to the Rio Colorado, opening up a new district to agriculture.

The Company owns a Port at Bahia Blanca equipped with modern appliances for handling and shipping grain, and also owns a large Market for warehousing general produce. To aid further the development of the town the Company has constructed and equipped Electric Tramways in which it is financially interested, as also in the Water Works and Electric Light Companies.

The General Manager, in a cablegram received the 3rd instant, reports that a very fine harvest on the Bahia Blanca and North Western Section is assured, that the agricultural and trade outlook is very promising, and that the area under cultivation along the Company's line is the largest known. He adds that although considerable damage has been

done by storms in the Buenos Ayres Division to wheat and Maize, the maize crop is in very fine condition, a much larger area than last year being under cultivation. He anticipates considerable increase in traffic from the districts served by the Argentine Great Western Line.

The proceeds of the Issue will be applied towards the repayment of the capital advances made by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, amounting approximately at 31 December last to £1,015,028 12s. 8d., and the money will be applied by that Company on the branch lines under construction, the provision of additional traffic facilities on the lines already opened to public service, and for the general requirements of the whole system.

A preference in the allotment as regards 50 per cent. of this Issue will be given to applications received before the actual closing of the list from existing Guaranteed Stock and Shareholders, and Debenture Stockholders of this Company, and to Preference and Ordinary Stockholders of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited.

Applications on the form accompanying this Prospectus, together with the deposit of £5 per cent., should be forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or to Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for, the surplus paid on application will be appropriated towards the balance due on allotment. Non-payment of any instalment upon the due date will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture.

Application will in due course be made to obtain a Stock Exchange quotation for this Issue.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9 New Broad Street, E.C., of the Bankers, and of Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price & Pott, 57 Old Broad Street, E.C., the Brokers of the Company.

Apart from the Contracts made by the Company in the ordinary course of business, the following have been entered into within the two years immediately preceding the date hereof:—

Contracts made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price & Pott, and dated respectively 16 February, 10 May 1911, and 4 January 1912, for the underwriting of this and previous issues. Under the last-mentioned Contract, the Company agrees to pay a commission of 3 per cent. for underwriting the present issue.

Trust Deed dated 9 March 1911 and Supplemental Trust Deeds dated 18 May 1911 and 4 January 1912 and made between the Company and the Trustees for securing the 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock.

Contracts dated 15 November 1910, 8 and 10 March, and 25 July 1911, and made between the Company and the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited.

During the last two years the Company has paid underwriting commissions amounting to £50,000.

The above Contracts may be inspected at the Offices of the Solicitors on any day while the List remains open, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

Every Member of the Company is entitled on a poll to one vote for every Share or every £10 Stock in the Capital of the Company held by him.

A Brokerage at the rate of a quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments made in respect of applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Registered Offices:—

DASHWOOD HOUSE,
9 NEW BROAD STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
5 January 1912.

Trustees for the Four and a half per Cent. Second Debenture Stock

JOHN SOAME AUSTEN.

PREMIER INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

THE RT. HON. LORD ST. DAVIDS (Chairman).
PAGET P. MOSLEY.
EDWARD NORMAN.
F. O. SMITHERS.
M. VAN RAALTE.

Bankers.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5 Princes Street,
London, E.C.
MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

Bankers in Argentina.

THE ANGLO SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

Solicitors.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

Brokers.

SHEPPARDS, PELLY, PRICE & POTT, 57 Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

Auditors.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO., 41 Coleman Street, London, E.C.

Secretary.

F. SANDERS.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF

£1,000,000 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock.

To the Directors of the Bahia Blanca and North Western Railway Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN.—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of Five per cent. on application for £..... 4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock of the BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, I request that this amount may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept the same or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 5 January 1912.

Ordinary Signature.....

Name (in full) *

Address

Date.....January 1912.

* Please state if "Reverend" or other distinctive description, and in the case of a lady, whether "married" or "spinster."

This Form is to be filled up and forwarded to The London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C., together with a remittance for the amount payable on application.

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[Jan. 13]

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